A MEMORIAL OF TWO LIVES

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Dickerman, Elizabeth Mansfield (Street)

A MEMORIAL OF TWO LIVES.

OWEN STREET

AND

ELIZABETH MANSFIELD STREET.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

A brief sketch of our beloved Father and Mother is all that we attempt in this small volume. As much as possible it is an autobiography, the connecting links being supplied by their two surviving children; to which are added extracts from commemorative addresses and sermons. We offer it to their friends and ours, in the hope that it may revive sacred memories of them and their work.

"The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life."

11-7-73

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There was a voice of God in the Springtime of life, and like Samuel in his childhood, we bounded to meet it, exclaiming "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

There was a voice of God in the Summer of life, and like the listening prophet, with lips just touched with the live coal from the altar, we said "Here am I, Lord, send me."

There was a voice of God in the Autumn of life, which said "Behold, I come quickly," and we answered "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." Amen.—*Owen Street.*

OWEN STREET.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

TWO portraits which Dr. Street had in his possession and greatly prized are those of his grandparents, Rev. Nicholas Street and Hannah Austin. With them he had no personal acquaintance, for they both died before he was born, but we have from his own pen such facts and reminiscences as he was able to gather concerning them. With these are interwoven other incidents of his maternal ancestry which are no less interesting. All are connected with the town of East Haven, Conn., which was the family home.

He gives the following account of his grandfather :—

"In my early days, when I might have gathered information from many sources, my mind was not awake to the subject. As time wore

on, and such inquiries became more interesting to me, I began to question my father; but from him I obtained incidents rather than characteristics; yet some of the incidents revealed his idiosyncrasies, and were characteristic enough. But, bent on finding out something more, I caught at every opportunity. When I was in college I had occasion to call on Prof. Silliman. Learning my name, he asked if I was a descendant of the Rev. Nicholas Street, of East Haven. On hearing my answer, he rejoined, 'He used sometimes to preach for us in the chapel; I remember him with a great deal of pleasure.' Some years afterward, when I found inquiries arising which there was no one to answer, I bethought me of Prof. Silliman and told him how earnestly I desired to know what impression he gained as to his qualities of mind and his ability as a preacher. 'O,' said he, 'he was a very excellent man; he used to exchange with Dr. Dwight, and preach for us in the chapel.' 'But,' said I, 'do you remember him well enough to say what his peculiarities were?' 'O yes,' said he, 'I remember him well; he was a very good man.' I began now to despair of the light for which I was seeking.

But, after I had been in the ministry myself some time, my father brought me one day a

little package of ancient looking papers, which he said were my grandfather's sermons, and perhaps might as well be in my keeping. Now the light dawned upon me. Here was material, in part at least, for the knowledge I had so long been seeking."

"You will catch something of his style if I let him lift the curtain and give you some glimpses of things wherein his times differed from our own. You may be interested to hear in a few words how one of his Thanksgiving sermons sounded before the times of the American revolution. I have a part of one written in the year 1762, the second year of the reign of George III. His first reason for thankfulness is thus given:

'The first that I would remark upon is, the happy accession and establishment of our most gracious sovereign, King George the Third, upon the British throne, who so largely possesses the virtues of his royal grandfather; and it is matter for our joy and rejoicing, at this day, that we have one who has so much of the amiable character of young Josiah upon the throne; who has manifested so much regard for the Protestant interest and religion, and has discovered so much zeal for the suppression of vice, immorality and profaneness, by his royal

proclamation, which forebodes his reign to be auspicious for our nation and land.'"

"He had not preached in this stone meeting house long before he began to talk very differently about this same King George the Third. He was as ready as any of the people to call him 'a prince whose character was marked by every act that may define a tyrant.' He entered into the patriotic sentiment of the war with all his soul. I have a sermon of his, continued through two numbers, which consists of a running commentary upon the events of the war down to November, 1778. It reads very much like some of the patriotic effusions that were called forth in the North by the late war of the rebellion. Hear in what jubilant strains he celebrates the evacuation of Boston by the British troops:

"'A year of jubilee!' he exclaims. 'Angels announced the joyous tidings. Prisoners leaped to loose their chains. Joy sparkled in every eye, pleasure sat on every countenance, and the tender, gushing tear bedewed many a cheek. Such emotions, such raptures, were never known before! O, Boston, how great thy salvation?'"

"Let me give a short paragraph on temperance,—Fast Day sermon, February, 1775. He is speaking of perverting and abusing the gifts of the divine bounty. He says:"

"'This is practiced in a shameful manner at this day.' 'It is no uncommon thing to see drunken women as well as drunken men; and I fear that many of our youths are training up for rank drunkards. This growing abuse of the good creatures of God is an ill requital of His goodness in giving us such a plenty of spirituous liquors for the refreshment of the weary, and to restore the decay of nature; but not to influence the lusts and corruptions of the youthful, the healthful and the gay.'"

"The same sermon has a chapter on the slave-trade, in which he expresses the 'fear, that while we abhor oppression, as it comes upon us from the mother country, we may be harboring it in our own bosoms', and exhorts to 'a careful search and examination of all that has been written on the subject, in an impartial and disinterested way.' This calls up the fact that he himself owned a negro, Tom, of whom my father has told me several anecdotes. He used sometimes to come and say, 'Master, I wish I could be free!' and the reply always was 'You may be free any day, Tom, if you will let me draw up a writing that shall clear me from the obligation to take care of you when you are old and can earn nothing.' Tom went away in great good nature, but never accepted the offer. I

have heard my father tell how this negro Tom used to illustrate to him the way the boys would get him to explore the dangerous places on the way to the pasture, when the signals from Beacon Hill warned the people of East Haven that foraging parties from the British ships were about landing to carry off their cattle. More than once the cattle belonging to the minister were driven by this negro to Northford, to be out of the reach of the enemy."

"One word to meet the question: Did not this pastor of a century ago belong to a long-faced, puritanical age, when it was a crime to smile, and men went to heaven as if they went to prison? I think you will find a satisfactory answer to this in a few words which I give you from his Thanksgiving sermon for 1769. He says:"

"'Let our lives tell abroad what we feel within, that things holy and heavenly do not make us sad and heavy; that we can be pleasant and pious, both together, and heartily merry without forgetting God and turning all religion out of doors.'"

"But he obviously felt that there was a possible error in the other direction, and so he managed to say on the same page, 'But let not our times of thanksgiving be times of self pleas-

ing only, nor sacred seasons our ungodliest opportunities, nor holy days the profanest of all the year.' Very good advice to be given a century later!"

"Two more points, very briefly touched, and I will close. He had the gift of continuance. I do not mean that his sermons were long, for, on the contrary, I find them to be quite as short as the average of sermons now. With the exception of the historical sermons, I do not think that any of them that I have read would exceed thirty minutes in the delivery. I mean the gift of continuance in his place and in the service. Fifty-one years is a good record of ministerial labor. There is nothing for the good people of East Haven to be ashamed of in the fact that their first two pastors filled out a history of one hundred and one years, and that the graves of all their ministers in the past are with them."

Dr. Street's maternal grandfather was Amos Morris, conspicuous in Revolutionary times as a man of courage and military prowess, and of earnest faith as well. Dr. Street had a number of anecdotes about him which he delighted to tell; among them the following:

"On one occasion it became evident that the enemy were about to land in considerable force,

and our ancestor was determined to baffle them. It was a clear night and the splashing of their oars could be heard at a great distance; and so, on the other hand, every noise on the shore, reflected by the curved wall of rock, lost nothing as it traveled out to them. The old gentleman was a military officer and had a stentorian voice. He repaired to the beach mounted on his favorite horse and prancing to and fro, thundered out his commands to the rocks and trees as though they were a regularly equipped force; instructing this division to reserve their fire, and that one to charge with the bayonet at the moment of the enemy's landing; and animating the whole with the certainty of destroying or capturing the entire detachment. It was soon made evident to the enemy in this way that they were advancing into the jaws of certain ruin; discretion was deemed the better part of valor, and the boats returned without attempting to gain the shore."

"On another occasion, however, one dark night, under the guidance of a tory who possessed the requisite knowledge of the place, he was surprised by a party of the enemy, taken from his bed at midnight, and, with such articles of value as they could find, conveyed in an open boat across the Sound, with little clothing

to protect him from the night air and lodged in one of the far famed prison ships, at that time the terror of the captured Americans. The old gentleman was subsequently liberated on his parole."

"A few years after the war, he had occasion to visit one of the jails in the state, and, to his surprise, discovered among the prisoners the same man who betrayed him at this time. 'What, is it you J——,' he exclaimed, 'and have you come to this?' Not another word was spoken, but calling to mind the noble revenge prescribed in the gospel, he drew from his pocket a gold coin and saw the tory brush away a tear as he received it."

Another reminiscence of Dr. Street's boyhood is here quoted from a paper on General Lafayette, read before the People's Club in Lowell.

"Among the recollections of my early life are my repeated examinations of an apple tree that stood in an orchard which belonged to my father, and, at an earlier day, to his father. It was sadly mutilated in places where it was said the boys had bored and cut out bullets that had been lodged in it by General Lafayette's soldiers, who had used it as a mark to improve their skill with the musket. Indeed, my father has

shown me the fence behind which they stood, and which determined their distance from the mark. The General was at that time a guest of my grandfather, and the family remembrances of him were vivid and fresh through all the next generation. And so it was, on the other hand, with his own remembrances of his stay with them. When he visited this country again in 1824, he passed through the town and held a kind of general reception on the public square and made inquiry for the descendants of the parish minister with whom he had, some forty years before, so hospitable a home. They in turn had secured their opportunity to be presented to him; and the meeting was an event often referred to in the family conversations of subsequent years. I well remember hearing my father relate the circumstances and imitate the fond and jubilant tone in which the General introduced to him his son George Washington. My father was of just about the same age when the bullets were discharged at the apple tree, that I was at the time of the General's last visit to the place. I was then between eight and nine years of age."

EARLY HOME AND EDUCATION.

OWEN STREET was born at East Haven, Connecticut, on the eighth day of September, 1815. His father, Nicholas Street, was a prosperous farmer of the true Connecticut type, industrious, economical, well up to the prevailing standard of intelligence, thoroughly honest, highly respected, and profoundly religious. He brought up a family of five children, three sons and two daughters, of whom only one, the oldest son, is now living.

The subject of this sketch may almost be said to have taken his profession as a minister of the gospel by descent, as well as from choice. His grandfather was the Rev. Nicholas Street, who during the whole fifty-one years of his ministry devoted himself to the spiritual welfare of the Congregational Church of East Haven. An earlier ancestor was the Rev. Samuel Street, who for forty-two years was pastor of the Church at Wallingford, Connecticut, and died, still in its service, at the advanced age of eighty-two; and *his* father, still earlier, was the Rev. Nicholas Street, who was ordained in England, migrated to Taunton, Massachusetts,

in 1637, and in 1659 became the colleague of John Davenport in the pastorate of the First Congregational Church at New Haven, of which church, as well as of the New Haven colony, that celebrated divine was the founder.

The boyhood of Owen and his early youth, were passed in the quiet village of his birth in the manner usual to his age at that time and place.

Like all New England boys he attended the village school, where his qualities of mind and studious habits put him in advance of his associates. His desire for learning caused him to acquire in secret the lessons which his older brother studied at school. After the session the books were carried home and the lessons mastered.

His mother was a devoted Christian woman, and from his infancy carefully inculcated lessons and principles of Christian duty adapted to his age and understanding. We can easily imagine that her task was not a hard one, for he possessed then the same gentle and affectionate disposition, the same noble and receptive nature, and the same proclivity towards all that was good and true, that made his after career a light in the world around him. Honest, frank and conscientious, he grew more and more exemplary as he grew in years.

He did not, however, make formal profession of religion till his youth was well advanced and he was near manhood. He had reached the age of about seventeen when an incident occurred that suddenly turned him in that direction, and also settled the question of his future calling.

In company with one of his youthful friends he was, by an accident, and without warning, brought face to face with a terrible death. His escape was almost a miracle. This confronted him for the first time with a full, realizing sense of the uncertainty of life, the certainty of death and the tremendous considerations of eternity. Once turned in that direction, his mind never rested till his soul had found peace. He made public profession of religion and united with the church of his fathers. Still his conscience was not satisfied. He had taken the step to save himself, but there were many of his friends and millions upon millions of his fellow men who were still out of Christ. Should he be content with his own salvation and do nothing to help others? Were his needs any greater than theirs? Was his soul more precious in the sight of his Creator? These questions came home to his compassionate heart and his startled conscience with a supreme and convincing significance. The finger of God seemed to beckon him for-

ward. The dictates of his own heart urged him on. His inward monitor told him that he was called to the ministry, and with the alacrity of settled purpose he determined to answer the call.

In carrying out his purpose he was met by two serious difficulties. He was naturally and always diffident and distrustful of his own powers. To put himself forward as a teacher and a guide to his fellow men, was a prospective task that sorely tried his modest and retiring nature. But convinced that it was his duty and trusting in God for aid he did not falter but nerved himself courageously for the work.

His other difficulty was even more serious. He had no idea of entering the ministry without the most thorough and ample preparation. In that day, and in New England, no man was deemed, or deemed himself, fit to adopt a profession without going through a full college course before prosecuting those studies that supplied an immediate training for it. To prepare himself for the ministry in a manner satisfactory to his convictions, it was necessary for Mr. Street to fit himself for college, pass through the academic course there, and end his probation by three years of theological training. In a word, his decision necessitated eight years at

least of solid study. Whence were to come the means to enable him to consummate his purpose?

It was a question that involved no little embarrassment. He had neither money nor property. His father's situation was not such as warranted the son in looking to him for means. He could not borrow, and if he could have done, he would not. The situation presented one advantage. He could prepare for college at home, and as his father's house was but three or four miles from Yale College and Seminary, he could board there, at least a considerable part of the time. For the residue of his necessary resources he prayerfully trusted to God and himself. The result showed that his faith was not in vain.

He lost no time in entering resolutely on the work of preparation. He zealously improved every available moment. When sufficiently advanced, in 1833, he entered the Freshman class. Among his classmates were a number who have since attained to a national reputation. One was Samuel J. Tilden, who was compelled to retire from college on account of ill health. Another was William M. Evarts, who graduated with the class and ever after remained the warm and appreciative friend of the subject of this sketch. Still another was Chief Justice Waite,

of whom the tidings come, even now as this sketch is in preparation, that he too has passed from his station of earthly honor to the rewards that await faithful service in the eternal sphere.

It hardly needs to be said that Mr. Street applied his mind to the various branches of study with the most thorough and conscientious assiduity. In college, and afterward in the Theological Seminary at Yale, then presided over by the famous Dr. Nathaniel Taylor, he derived from the course the utmost measure of benefit it was capable of yielding. Although at that time and during the whole remainder of his life a faithful and exact scholar, he was as far from being a mere book worm as it is possible to conceive. He was not a mere recipient of what he acquired. It was not only remembered but it was analyzed, put in order, pondered upon, methodized and packed away, where it was always at his command, and ready for instant use. He reduced his expenses to the lowest practicable limit, and met them all and paid his way by teaching—sometimes in the public schools and sometimes as a private tutor.

After graduation from college, and at a time when his means stood much in need of replenishing, he learned that the preceptorship in the academy at Clinton, a pleasant village in Con-

necticut on the shore of Long Island Sound, about twenty-five miles east of New Haven, was vacant. He applied for the place, obtained it, and entered upon its duties. For the post of teacher he possessed rare and peculiar qualifications. It was a privilege to be his pupil. From the outset he secured the affection and confidence of his scholars. His long-suffering and invincible patience, his lively and pleasant manner, his helpfulness, his abundant learning and ready command of resources, the lucidity of his explanations, and his faculty of drawing out all that was best and brightest in them, was a combination of excellencies wholly new to their experience. He never punished—never had occasion to do so. He put them upon their honor, and even those who had been the worst and most refractory under former teachers, rarely abused his trust. If one less amenable than his fellows ventured to do so, one look of grieved and affectionate reproach stung him to a sense of self-condemnation and abasement more poignant than the pain of corporal punishment. He often joined the young gentlemen at their sports, mingled with them on terms of easy familiarity, yet never lost a particle of that gentle dignity which, through all his life, imparted to his manner so fine a grace.

Not content with using the ordinary appliances of education, he accompanied the more advanced scholars in short geological excursions into the surrounding country, explaining the composition of soils and rocks, and the probable eras and methods of their formation. He gave courses of chemical lectures which were attended, not only by his pupils, but by their parents and the people of the village, in which he illustrated his talk by experiments of the most interesting character. By these means and others equally attractive and beneficial, he raised the school to a point of usefulness and popularity wholly unprecedented in its history. The last day of his school was not, as is frequently the case, an occasion of relief and rejoicing, but one of universal sadness to his pupils.

Yrs. ever & always
E. M. Street.

MRS. STREET.

EARLY HISTORY.

WE now turn from the narrative of Mr. Street to sketch the early life of her who became henceforth his companion. We briefly tell the story of a life neither distinguished nor yet obscure, but replete with a sustained though unobtrusive heroism that yielded to no discouragement or adversity, and with a bountiful and tender love that left a blessing wherever it fell. It is with a heart made sad by irretrievable loss and yet quickened by a feeling akin to solemn joy, that we lay this tribute upon our Mother's grave. For if her life was a blessing that we have lost, her death was a victory she has won.

Killingworth—or that part of the ancient town which is now Clinton—Conn., was the birthplace and early home of Mrs. Street, or as she was then known, Elizabeth Mansfield

Rutty. Her father died in her childhoood, and she was thus left in early life entirely to the care of an indulgent mother, who rarely denied her a wish, or subjected her to the slightest discipline.

Although she was the last person in the world to make a parade of her ancestry, it comprised several of the best families in New England. Her mother in maiden name and lineage was a Huntington, and through *her* mother, Sarah Eliot, a descendant in the direct line from John Eliot, the famous Apostle to the Indians and translator of the Bible into the Pequot tongue. As a Huntington she was closely related to the Mansfields, and through the Eliots to the Walkers, and still further back, two of the Governors of Connecticut, when a colony, are found her progenitors in the direct line.

The circumstances of the family were supposed to be easy, if not affluent, though in fact already impaired by mismanagement; but it was not till after her marriage, it was ascertained that but a trifle remained of the former abundance.

From her childhood she was noted for her beauty, a beauty which survived through all subsequent experiences and rendered her singularly comely and attractive even in her later

years. This combined with her high spirits, vivacity and the winning charm of her manner, gathered around her a host of friends and admirers. Yet though her steps in early life were thus beset by the temptations that wait on beauty of person, admiration and unlimited indulgence, she did not become, as many do, the spoiled child of wilfulness and vanity. In and through it all she passed unharmed, and when, a few years later, she was subjected to bereavement, privation and distress, she encountered them with a fortitude, a courage and a mastery of resources, marvelous indeed in one so young and inexperienced.

She was fond of dress, fond of society, fond of all beautiful things. Her education did not extend into the higher branches of study, but was such as was common among the young ladies of her station in New England, and at that time. She excelled in embroidery, painting and needle work, accomplishments that became invaluable during the period of her life which followed.

Such she was when, at the age of nineteen, she married Asa M. Bolles, a young lawyer of rare ability and promise. He was the classmate, fellow law student, literary colleague and bosom friend of George D. Prentice, afterward the

famous editor of the Louisville *Journal*, and by their contemporaries was regarded as in no way inferior in wit, genius, or literary excellence to that subsequently distinguished man. Prentice went to Louisville to write the life of Henry Clay, and after a time established the *Journal* which he conducted with such consummate ability, and the two friends thus parted never to meet again.

And now ensued a few brief years of happy married life, not wholly unclouded, but still not darkened by any great sorrow. She loved to devotion her home, her husband and the two children that had blessed their union. Not long after the marriage her husband discovered that the family estate had become sadly reduced, but the discovery hardly cast a hint of sadness over her spirits. Her mind was absorbed in affection for her husband and her little ones, and in wifely and motherly expedients to make them happy.

So her life passed on. There came a year when cholera prevailed—a disease that inspired the deadliest terror among the crowded population of large cities; but hardly a dream of fear disturbed the quiet, healthy village where this little family resided, and least of all their happy home. But the dreadful sickness was to pene-

trate even there. In September of that fatal year, the husband and father was attacked by it, but so lightly, at first, that it was mistaken for a much more harmless disease, but the symptoms soon changed, rapidly assumed a malignant, then a fatal form, and in a few days he died, commending his wife and his little ones to the God of the widow and the fatherless.

Thus without preparation, and almost without warning, was she brought face to face with the bitterest affliction that could befall a young wife—not alone the affliction that springs from bereavement, but without experience, without means and seemingly without resources, she was thrown upon the mercies of a selfish world with two helpless children and an almost equally helpless mother dependent upon her, and she herself, to all appearances, well nigh as helpless as they. Well does the writer of this sketch remember in what a flood of grief this little family was overwhelmed, and how dark the prospect that confronted the widowed young mother, to whom life had been as a summer day.

But she yielded not to despair. From infancy, faith in God had been an instinct of her heart; this feeling had been fostered by the pious care of a New England mother, and now, by natural impulse, she turned to Him for succor. He

heard her prayer and gave her fortitude and comfort.

Gathering her little family about her she cast her eyes over the dreary prospect in anxious and prayerful search for some means of support. Fortunately out of the wreck of the family estate her husband had rescued one-half of their dwelling house and a small tract of land which afforded them a home.

Aud now came into active and practical benefit that skill in needlework and embroidery which she had acquired as as an accomplishment and, till now, had practiced as a pastime. Through the kind agency of a friend in New York, she established a connection with a business house where the beautiful products of her busy fingers found a market and secured remunerative returns.

The last two years of her widowhood were still more pleasantly employed. Her untiring friend procured for her the preceptorship of a select school of fifteen or twenty children in Brooklyn. The school house and grounds were beautifully situated on Brooklyn Heights and overlooked the busy and ever shifting panorama of New York Bay. She was a born teacher of children; she began by giving them her love and winning theirs. The only serious drawback to her happiness was, that she was necessarily

separated from her family; but she bore the privation with hopeful patience and relieved it, in a measure, by having one of the children with her a large share of the time.

During this whole period she not only provided for the physical wants of those dependent upon her, but she ministered with the utmost care to their spiritual and intellectual needs. Although compelled to practice the most rigid economy, she spared no necessary expense to supply the children with every facility and means of education available in the village of their residence.

Prior to entering upon her school at Brooklyn she had become acquainted with Mr. Street, and this acquaintanceship ripened into a strong attachment on both sides,—and naturally, for two persons more exquisitely suited to one another or better adapted to make each other happy through life, could not have been found. A more constant and loving companion, a more faithful and efficient helper, no man ever had. She was the very ideal and exemplar of a minister's wife. She watched over his bodily health and ministered to his physical comfort with untiring assiduity. Possessed of unbounded vitality and indomitable courage, she was his counsellor in every trouble and perplexity. She was full of

ambition, not for herself, but for him. She criticised his sermons frankly but kindly, and was equally candid with her praise. She often supplied him with topics and suggestions, for her mind was incessantly alive in his behalf. In sickness she was the most tender and efficient of nurses, and as long as she had strength to watch by his bedside she suffered no one to take her place there. Her children she loved and cared for with all the fervor of a genuine and generous motherhood. No child was ever mourned with a truer or profounder grief than was her eldest daughter who sleeps among the dead at Glen Cove, or the baby boy whom they laid away under the little grassy mound at East Haven. And the two sorrowing children who still survive her have, all their lives, been blessed with a wealth of love so bountiful, so beautiful and so beneficent, that neither time can limit their memory of it, or language give it adequate expression.

But her loving kindness was not bounded by the family circle. Her sympathies went out for every suffering body and every sorrowing heart within her acquaintance. Her active and effectual aid was made responsive to every piteous cry for help. Her activities within the church and outside were incessant; her charities

in every direction prompt and adequate. She never shirked a duty, never postponed it, never essayed to shift it on other shoulders. Her trust in God was unfailing. It might well be, for his sure mercies had never failed her, and it grew more and more steadfast as she neared the end. With the most undoubting faith she carried all her troubles and trials to him and laid them at his feet. Prayer to God was the breath of her soul. This was the secret of her marvelous courage and strength of heart. It was also, at least in part, the secret of her rare beauty of feature, so conspicuous even to the last; for it induced a genuine serenity of spirit of which the outward comeliness was but the fair image and reflection. Although her sensibilities were of the quickest, and she was acutely sensitive to reproach, hurt by slight or injustice, and deeply moved by trouble and affliction, her confidence in God gave repose to her wounded spirit and left no misery to write its characters upon her countenance. Such she was and such she continued to the last. All these qualities of faithful ministry to her husband's good, and efficient aid in his work, were kept in incessant action. She had an exalted conviction of the grandeur of his calling and

the acutest sense of the responsibilities it devolved, not only upon him, but on herself.

In 1841 he received a call to preach in the Congregational Church of Jamestown, New York, which he accepted, and on the twenty-ninth day of November in that year, they were married. He was ordained pastor of that church in February, 1842.

LIFE IN

JAMESTOWN AND ANSONIA.

JAMESTOWN, a village situated in the westernmost part of the state of New York, was then a small, but enterprising and flourishing place, having no railroad and but limited connection with the outside world. To reach it from the East one had to travel by packet on the Erie Canal from Schenectady to Buffalo,—or he could vary and expedite the trip by taking the cars a part of the way,—and from Buffalo about one hundred miles by stage. The intervening country was still, to a considerable extent, a wilderness, and the roads, even the stage route, were portentously bad, except in midsummer, and even then rough and uncomfortable. The country around Jamestown was rude and forbidding, covered to a great extent by dark pine and hemlock forests, and even the clearings bristled with stumps. But the hearts of the people were large and warm, and they extended to the young minister, his wife and family, a cordial and generous welcome.

The Congregational Church there was feeble, and its prospects not of the brightest. It was still suffering sadly from a rupture which had, some years before, resulted in the secession of a large and influential section of its members, who had organized a Presbyterian Church much stronger and more prosperous, at least in a temporal point of view, than the parent body. There was also a discouraging lack of harmony and cohesion among its remaining members. Millerism, too, then rife throughout the land, had crept in and demoralized not a few of them. But the youthful pastor was not disheartened. In fact the situation, while it grieved him, rather stimulated and nerved all the missionary spirit in him, for here was need of earnest, helpful work, and he addressed himself to it with courage, zeal and tact. He was untiring in his efforts to heal the divisions among them, and with his kindly, patient and Christian temper he was thoroughly qualified to solve the difficulty; and, stubborn as it was, he did it. He labored with the most earnest assiduity upon his sermons, not satisfied with his pulpit ministrations unless he had infused into them all the ability and Christian instruction within his power.

It was a social community, and visits among them were as essential a part of his work and as indispensable an instrumentality of influence as his Sunday sermons. Thus by toiling early and late, by sermons and lectures, by parish calls and personal interviews, he prosecuted his calling with such success as always follows prayerful and practical work. He wrought an entire and most salutary change. His church began to hold up its head, became attractive and instructive to young and old, increased in membership, was kept together by the cohesive power of Christian love, and spiritually and temporally prospered.

Nor were his beneficial ministrations confined to that church. He never in his life entered a community and remained any length of time, where he did not become a central and powerful instrument of benefit. He identified himself with every agency that had for its object the general good.

He found a few struggling Congregational Churches in that and the adjoining counties exerting but little influence, and with no kind of union between them. Here was another call for the exercise of his powers. By his exertions an association of the Congregational ministers was formed, and a consociation of their

churches was formally organized, which continues to this day, and by which each church was greatly benefited, the tone of the ministry improved, and the influence of the denomination consolidated and extended.

All this time his salary was so small that it is difficult to imagine how he clothed and supported his family and himself. It was only five hundred dollars. But its smallness was hardly the worst of it. It was never, during the earlier years of his pastorate, promptly paid; to a very great extent it was not paid in money, and a part of it was sometimes not paid at all. The means of most of his parishioners were slender, and money was miserably scarce. For several years in succession they were in arrears, and the deficiency was keenly felt. It was hard indeed for him, but he never lost patience or hope. He never ran in debt, and yet out of these narrow and stinted resources his family and himself lived in comfort, and he saved enough to enable him, after a few years, to purchase a lot, and build a modest, but neat and convenient home. This was an improvement of his condition, for one of his annoyances had been that, there being no parsonage, he had been compelled to move from house to house and had no settled home.

He had, in addition to his salary, two supplemental sources of supply. His church had engaged to furnish him with fuel. Timber for fuel was cheap there in those days, and could be had for the cutting. Accordingly, on a given day in winter, all the farmers of his church gave him a "wood bee." Some cut the trees in a convenient forest near the village, others drew the logs, and, by nightfall, an enormous pile of beech and maple had accumulated at his door.

His other resource was the "donation visit." On a designated evening, of which due notice had been given, his parishioners and friends assembled at his house, bringing, some one thing, some another, a few, money, but all something useful,—the aggregate making a handsome and most welcome addition to the resources and comfort of the family. The evening was spent in a social and lively manner, the young people making a hilarious party in a room by themselves. Then, after partaking of a generous supper, they dispersed to their several homes, carrying with them the gratitude of the family, and leaving their kind wishes and the substantial token of their bounty behind them.

Their house was a rendezvous for the ministers of the region, and also for the deacons and delegates who often accompanied them. Nor did the visitors make known their intention before coming. It was no unusual thing to see one of the patriarchal ministers drive leisurely toward the manse a half hour or so before dinner, and, turning his horse up the driveway to the barn, call one of the younger members of the family, "Here, my boy, take this horse out and give him a peck of oats." Then getting out of the carriage he would install himself as one of "Brother Street's" family, remaining through the day, and perhaps longer. Instead of "putting up at the tavern," as the country hotels were called in those days, it was quite the fashion to "put up at the minister's."

These free ways were wholly new to Mr. and Mrs. Street, as were the customs of that region in general. But they readily fell in with them, and made their home as attractive and open to guests as if they had always lived there. At first they did not understand that an interchange of visits was demanded. But in time they used to take long journeys with their own horse and carriage, to attend conferences and installations, and met with as cordial a hospitality at all the Christian homes on the

route as they were wont to offer others. Thus, not only the ministers, but the ministers' wives in all the country round became acquainted and friendly with each other. On one of these journeys they found a minister's family in deep distress. A child was very ill with scarlet fever, and no medical attendance was procurable at the time. Mr. Street, who had had experience of the disease in his own family, was able to act as physician, prescribing and administering remedies, and remaining to watch their effect until the child was out of danger; and others in the neighborhood, afflicted with the same disease, profited by the advice and remedies.

Hired help was almost out of the question, but Mrs. Street adopted the expedient of taking into her family a minister's daughter from some country home, where educational advantages were scarce, and received her assistance about the work of the household in return for the privileges of a home and attendance on the instructions of the village academy.

Time will not permit a more extended description of the life in Jamestown. It was a life throughout of earnest, prayerful and beneficent labor, checkered by not a few annoyances and much self-sacrifice, but in the main peaceful,

happy and contented. Mr. Street loved his people, and they loved and honored him. He never forgot them while he lived. They have never forgotten him, and never will. He was beloved by the whole community, and the grief at parting from him was as deep and sincere among the members of the other churches as in his own. He continued there nine busy and useful years. His only two children were born there, and the ties that bound him to the place were many and strong. He did not leave it from caprice, or because tempted by a better salary, or lighter work, or greater privileges. The climate had never agreed with him. It was damp and, most of the year, cold, and he was inclined to bronchitis. It told upon him more and more severely as the years went on, and at last he was confronted by the alternative of either giving up his charge, or giving up the ministry. Situated as he was, and feeling as he did, no choice, in fact, was left him. In the Fall of 1850 he sorrowfully severed the connection that bound him to this, his first pastorate, and turned his face toward his beloved New England, where his childhood and youth had been spent, and where he passed the residue of his life.

It was a sad day to the little family in Jamestown, when the young husband and father left them to seek a renewal of his impaired health in the home of his childhood. So feeble was he that both husband and wife felt that they might be taking a last farewell of each other, as he passed out of the dear home that was theirs in a peculiar sense. His own hands had aided in its building; the tasteful flower-garden in front, full of its bright, old-fashioned flowers, was the product of their united labor; the rose-bush they had trained together to climb over the sunny back door; the fruit trees he had grafted with so much care and pleasure were just beginning to yield good returns of fruit. The little girl, as yet too young to understand the meaning of that sad good-bye, mingled her tears with those of her mother, as she saw her cut off a curl from the head she was wont to caress, and turn away to hide from view the carriage that was bearing her father on his journey.

Letters were anxiously waited for. In those days they were a luxury too costly to be frequent. Twenty-five cents was the rate of letter postage, and that was more than the minister often had in his pocket-book. But good news found its way to their home, and cheered and

strengthened the mother for the work that lay before her. The change of climate and respite from parish cares brought a return of vigor to Mr. Street, which gave assurance of full recovery.

It was decided that he should not return to Jamestown for the formal dissolution of his pastorate by a council, but leave this wholly to the Church. He would make ready for the reception of his family at the end of the journey, and Mrs. Street would undertake the work and responsibility of the removal. This was a heavy burden, for she must do it unaided even by her husband's suggestions, as there was neither time or means for much correspondence. Their baby boy was only a few months old and the aged mother was unused to journeying.

But there were many warm friends in the church and neighborhood, both men and women, who were glad to help about packing and preparing for the removal, and, when all was done, to "bring them on their journey" as the disciples did Paul.

Again the writer looks back and sees distinctly in memory the little family bidding a long good-bye to the large company, who were to her childish eyes the nearest friends she knew—grandparents, fathers, mothers, brothers,

sisters by adoption,—all were there. She was going to the grandfather whom she had never seen, and to aunts and cousins whose names only were familiar, but the dear friends whom she was leaving behind were those who had loved and cherished her from her birth.

If such were her recollections of that far distant time, it may be imagined how tender were the ties that bound her mother to these friends of her Jamestown home. The following lines of farewell were written by Mrs. Street after she had reached her home at the East. They tell the story of her love for this people, and show, at the same time, a native poetic instinct, to which, in her busy, practical life, she rarely gave expression.

LINES OF FAREWELL.

That hour so sad and tearful,
  That tender, long adieu,
To scenes so loved and cheerful
  And hearts so warm and true—

Will be forgotten, never,
  While thought can backward turn,
And ties that naught can sever
  Draw toward their cherished home.

There time had drawn around me
Friendship's bright silken cord,
And holier ties that bound me
To those who love the Lord.

And is the farewell taken?
Am I no longer near
Those pleasant scenes that waken
Memories, alas! too dear?

Those circles gathered often,
Where taste and pleasure shone,
Those sadder scenes that soften
The heart to sorrows moan,—

Those hours of prayer and singing
To sweet religion given,
Oft the rapt spirit winging
To seek its promised heaven,—

Those hearts so long united
In Christ's blest bond of love,
The graves of those he's cited
To dwell with him above,—

Adieu to all: 'tis spoken;
The parting scene is o'er—
The link of sight is broken,
Nor can enchain us more.

Adieu, we're far asunder
I've sought my childhood's home—
I'm where the wild waves thunder
And ocean heaves his foam.

Adieu, but not forever!
Beyond this world of pain,
Where friends are parted never—
O may we meet again!

The journey was made by carriage over rough roads to the nearest railway station, then at Buffalo, nearly a hundred miles away. It was made comfortable and pleasant, however, in a friend's easy conveyance with a driver whom they knew and who did not leave them till they were safely on board the night train which would take them East. Mr. Street was to meet them at Albany and provide for the rest of the journey, which was by boat down the Hudson to New York. But by some mischance he missed them and they did not meet until the end of the journey. So they were obliged to depend on themselves, or rather on the courageous mother, for oversight and direction, till they arrived safely at their destination.

Now once more a united family in the home of Mr. Street's sister at Fair Haven, Conn. he was at liberty to look about him for a new settlement and a permanent home. He soon made an engagement for six months in Woodbridge, Conn., where he could have opportunity to rest and reestablish his health. Thither the family removed and set up housekeeping again.

Here the interests of the little family circle gathered about the nursery, with the happy mother and winsome child. It is pleasant to recall the life of that summer in the rural home. Woodland and meadow were our dooryard: birds and squirrels made their way into the house as fearless guests, and we explored in our daily walks many a delightful haunt along the stream which seemed to answer to the name the Indians gave it, "Waupewaug."

Another six months were added to the first, for, although Mr. Street had invitations to places desirable for a permanent home, he and his wife were in no haste to go.

But sickness wrought a change in the household. The nursery was hushed in a sad silence and in one week from the first attack, death entered and claimed the baby boy. A simple stone of white marble marks the spot in the East Haven cemetery where little Edward Pay-

son lies among the large company of his ancestors.

The loss of their only son was a blow from which the fond father and mother found it hard to rally. They were ready for a speedy removal and not having determined upon a permanent settlement, Mr. Street made another temporary engagement at North Haven, Conn. Here he remained longer than was at first contemplated, and his work among the people so endeared him and his wife to them, that an earnest call was given to settle there, notwithstanding his attempts to dissuade them from the step.

A brief extract from his letter declining the call will show his reasons therefor, and also his physical condition at the time.

"Many have heard me say that I did not regard myself as well adapted to labor in this field. Perhaps the reason is not fully understood. You will allow me to say then, that I was separated from the people with whom I spent my whole pastoral life, by enfeebled health and the pressure of accumulating duties for which my strength was insufficient. What I have since done, so far as I have been myself concerned, has been somewhat in the way of experiment to determine how my future life may be occupied to the best advantage. An

experiment of a year and a half has rendered one or two essential points very clear. Such has been the nature and effect of the disorders from which I suffered a few years since, that I can now endure but little bodily exertion without unfitting myself for any consecutive application of mind. I can study and preach with as little exhaustion as others. But the pastoral labor indispensable in a sparsely settled and extended parish I could not perform without too great a sacrifice of mental vigor and intellectual progress. These would be required to meet the wants of the place and the times, to say nothing of my own standing and interests, and those of my family. To render my meaning perfectly clear I will add that the little effort I have made in the way of visiting in the parish, instead of invigorating me for study and thought in the way of preparation for the pulpit, have uniformly exhausted my nervous energy to that degree that study has been nearly impossible. I require but little exercise abroad and can only study when I refrain from riding or walking to any extent. In consequence of these facts I have not been able during the six months that I have been among you to prepare sermons enough for three Sabbaths."

While in North Haven Mr. Street received two calls, one to Elyria, Ohio, the other to Ansonia, Conn. He decided to accept the latter.

Ansonia was a brisk, manufacturing village, then in its infancy, taking its name from Anson G. Phelps. A new Congregational Church had been established there, and the spirit of enterprise manifested by its members made it an attractive field to a young minister. A weighty argument for accepting the call was found in the fact that there had already sprung up dissensions in the church which threatened its life, and Mr. Street was recognized, from his first appearance among the people, as the man in whom they could all unite and who would harmonize the varied elements which had been discordant. Such a motive was powerful with him and was the ultimate cause of his decision.

He was installed Sept. 1, 1852, and remained there nearly five years. A parsonage was built soon after his settlement, and the family established in it.

He entered into the work of his pulpit preparation with especial delight and his congregations were large and appreciative. The prayer meetings were well sustained and the people loved them.

Among their most cordial helpers were Dea. Carter and his wife, with whom they continued a life long intimacy. This friendship was a delightful feature of their Ansonia life Dea. Carter was a Methodist in all his proclivities but a Congregationalist in interest and profession. He was an invaluable helper in the prayer-meeting, stimulating others by his whole hearted zeal and cordiality. His, "No back seats in heaven, brethren," filled the vacant spaces in front which are so often the minister's trial, and his hearty responses to the prayers, eevn in the more formal services of the Sabbath, were helpful rather than mirth-provoking. When the time arrived for the minister's summer vacation, which was not a recognized necessity of those times, and not provided for in the settlement, Dea. Carter never failed to drop in at the parsonage with his smiling face, and impulsive speech, and say, "Well, Brother Street, it's about time for your vacation. When will you go, and how many Sabbaths will you take? My horse Nancy is at your service. You know I bought her for you just as much as I did for ourselves." So the vacation trip was made, the minister, his wife and child just being accommodated in the Deacon's carriage.

During this pastorate Mr. Street received a number of invitations to other fields,—one from Stamford, Conn., another from Adrian, Mich., and a third from Medford, Mass. These calls occasioned him no little discomfort, for they disturbed his peaceful relations with his people, while as yet he saw no sufficient reason for leaving them.

But circumstances, after a time, necessitated a change. The health of Mrs. Street from the first was unfavorably affected by the climate. It was a severe trial to be so often laid aside from her wonted busy and useful life and her activities in Christian work.

Her influence among the young people and children will never be forgotten by those whom she enlisted so early in works of benevolence. She gathered and organized a large Mission Circle of little girls, who filled her parlors once in two weeks, and spent the afternoon in useful sewing while she read aloud to them from Mr. Pease's monthly about the Five Points Mission in New York, and talked over with them methods of helping the cause. A small sum of money contributed by each child at these meetings swelled to a goodly amount in time, and the twofold object was accomplished of giving needed assistance to a worthy charity

and inculcating a habit of systematic benevolence.

The consideration of health made it clear that a change was imperatively demanded, and Mr. Street decided to resign his eharge. His people parted from him with great reluctance, but he had accomplished his design of uniting them into a harmonious society, and another man could continue the work.

On leaving Ansonia he was called to three different churches at nearly the same time. One was in Great Barrington, Mass., another in Warsaw, N. Y., and the third in Lowell. As might have been expected from his previous course, he decided to go where the need seemed greatest and the task most problematical. The churches in Great Barrington and Warsaw were strong and influential, while that in Lowell was young, embarrassed with debt, and small in its membership. But he made no mistake in following the convictions of duty which pointed him thither. He accepted the call and was duly installed pastor of the High St. Church, Lowell, Sept. 16, 1857.

PASTORAL REMINISCENCES.

WORDS of the Preacher, we might call this chapter, for it embodies in brief the experiences and conclusions of a lifetime in pulpit and parish.

We find the account in an address before the students of Andover Theological Seminary, and make such extracts from it as are pertinent to this narrative.

"I propose to accompany you into that foreseen pulpit of yours and offer my suggestions with all freedom.

You go with a few sermons written at the Seminary. I remember I had three and a half. There is no anxiety about these:—they have been under fire, and you know they can be depended upon. Nor is there anything amounting to anxiety for those that are to come. All you ask is a chance to take hold of them. You see subjects almost without limit of number waiting to be treated, and an inexhaustible stock of energy and courage, purpose and endurance gathered up in conscious readiness

for the task. There is something marvelous in the irrepressible, indomitable springiness and vitality with which the young pastor finds himself endowed. He will preach three times on Sunday;—and then feel more like preaching again, than when he began. If occasion requires he will sit up and write all night after his Sabbath labors, to be ready for something that cannot be put off on Monday.

About the first discovery that you make for yourself in your new field of labor, is that writing sermons has all at once become something different from what it was in the Seminary. Then you tried to get up a phantom audience before you. But now it is no phantom. Then you meant that the truth should be put forcibly to heart and conscience. But it was the heart and conscience of X and Y. Now it is the heart and conscience of A and B. Not the unknown but known. Then you meant to keep your hearers awake. But now you mean to keep Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones awake, the men that you have already discovered to be always near the border land of dreams. You mean to get and hold the attention of that boy that you saw reading his Sabbath School book in a far off corner of the house. You mean that those giddy heads that seemed

so full of levity and vanity, shall grow serious and thoughtful under your sermons. This differentiates the matter, as the scientists put it. You say, I must put more snap and energy into that sentence :—I must contrive to warm up that paragraph :—I must put a prong into that thought, so that it will hold. All this, and much more comes to you and you find your old thought of doing justice to the subject, gives place somewhat to that other thought of doing justice to the object.

Still, there is truth in the first mentioned thought, and there are those who will be on the lookout, and insist that you do justice to the subject. Before I had been in my first parish six weeks I went into a doctor's office to call on a young medical student. There were several persons in the room, some of whom were strangers. One of them, a middle-aged man, lost no time in saying to me, 'I went to church last Sunday morning, and told my wife as I went home that you had not finished your sermon, and probably we should have the rest in the afternoon. And instead of finishing it you took another subject.' This seemed a little sharp in the presence of so many. I saw a spice of banter in it ; and, as I never under such circumstances decline a challenge, I replied,

'You are entitled to the whole of that sermon; I thought I gave it all; it seems I was mistaken, and you made the discovery. Now since you know, and I don't, what was wanting, just state the point, and you shall have the rest of the sermon here and now.' It was a turn he was not prepared for, and he was glad to change the subject. Very likely he was right about the sermon, but he was not right in trying to put a young theologue to embarrassment among strangers.

The wise pastor will carefully observe the effect of his preaching, to see whether he hits the mark. He can often tell as much from what he sees as from what he hears. Don't be anxious about your reputation as a preacher. Your first concern is to be a preacher. The reputation will take care of itself. Or rather, God will take care of it. You must lose your life here if you would save it. Write your sermons as if he who gave you your commission stood by you, repeating the words which he once uttered—'I send thee to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins and an inheritance among them that are sanctified through faith in me. Lo, I am with you always.' Lay

it upon your conscience and upon your whole soul to take him at his word. Say to your soul, 'he will be with me as I stand in the pulpit next Sabbath, and I'll not forget that he is there, and it is in his name that I am to address myself to his flock.' In that spirit you will conquer self and exalt your Lord, and so your light will shine and your fellow men will glorify your Father in Heaven.

I do not call upon you to crucify all your natural ambition. I say rather, give it it's largest scope. Make it larger than the ambition of the millionaire or statesman. 'Trifles are theirs,—a kingdom yours.' Make your ambition great as the soul and broad and high as heaven.

Let me say a word on that hackneyed topic, the choice of a subject. After preaching a year or two to the same people, and treating all the topics especially attractive to you now, you will find yourself, some Monday or Tuesday morning, in this attitude of mind, and happy are you if it be not more than once,—'What shall I take up this week;—not that the topics are exhausted—but I am looking now at the people. What are they in the mood to hear with interest? Or what will be adapted to profit them just now? Or what can I take that will

not run into something that has had prominent place in some of my sermons during the year? Law, gospel, the duties, the virtues, the motives to Christian work, this life, the life to come, the prominent characters of the Bible,—where is there a thing left among all these that I have not dealt with either as heads of discourses or in the way of illustration? What shall I do?' 'Betake yourself to prayer,' says one. No better advice is possible: prayer is always in order. But he who answers prayer does, sometimes at least, insist on answering it according to the established and well known laws of our nature. Unconsciously you are at that point violating one of nature's laws. You are trying to pump air from an exhausted receiver: or, which better illustrates it, you are trying to charge an electric battery when your electric machine, battery and all, and yourself as well, are standing on the glass floor, and no communication with the earth. You are trying to get out of your soul, your nerves and brain, what is not in them just at present. What you want is connection with the earth;—with your fellow men. Get off from your insulating stool; carry the wires where you can get a spark. Perhaps it will amount to a shock. Never mind; if you get a

shock you will soon be in a condition to give one. But you need not anticipate that. What you need is contact with humanity in some different phase from that in which you see it every day at your own table. Think of somebody to whom you may do good. It may be a case for desperate effort, or it may be a case for the easy and pleasant administering of spiritual comfort in trouble; or it may be a matter of brotherly concert in some enterprise for doing good. If it be an endeavor to rouse some thoughtless soul to reflection, and wholly unsuccessful, it will nevertheless start new action in your mind.

You may perhaps have a person in your congregation of a sceptical turn of mind; full of self-conceit, always ready for an argument, who will tell you that a growing cornstalk is as fair a candidate for immortality as a human being: that every argument that is relied on for the one is equally good for the other; who will prove to you from phrenology that a sudden regeneration is an impossible thing: or, who is sure he can convince you that one religion is as good as another, all the difference being in circumstances and education. I had in my first congregation one of this type, a physician, who had been the terror of more

ministers than one. He was sure to be at church on the Sabbath,—an example to many who profess more than he. Two hours, he told all his patients, he would have for church-going on Sunday. But on Monday the luckless man of the pulpit might well shrink from meeting with him. He had no malice, but he did love to get his minister in a tight place. It was not till years afterward that I knew how much I owed to that man. Without meaning to help me, he put me upon the discussion of subjects that I should not have thought of but for him, and that proved timely to many a soul; and he taught me, what experience only could have taught me, that men who are brave in attacking the truth are cowards before the weapons of the gospel.

An encounter with such a person will shake you out of your morbid state, and set all the currents of thought to work with normal and healthy activity. Your soul has been battling in an arena of abstractions. Let it wrestle against flesh and blood. Let it attack the stronghold of Satan in some living heart. Then it will feel the strong mail of its panoply, and the abstractions that seemed like so many closely picked bones, and all very dry, will start up before you fresh and full of kindling life.

You have got your subject but you have not got the text. Perhaps not :—though it may be the text has been given you with the subject. But, however this may be, something has been given you ; and that something is, for the present, the central life and fire of your theme. Your enthusiasm kindles around it. That enthusiasm is too precious to be lost. Dash into the subject at that point. Down with your catchwords and memoranda. Preserve the very form of the thought as it comes to you. Let it swell in both directions toward what is likely to be the beginning, as well as toward the end of the discourse. The text will come while you are at work. The introduction will make its appearance so naturally that you see at once that nothing else will do as well. You can take your time for articulating heads and joints. Make sure of your main impression. See that the hammer comes down square on the die at last. Of course you go over and over with the thoughts that are written down, and catch every suggestion that flashes out from them. If you think of an author that can help you, you will appeal to his book.

But it may be the trouble you felt lies deeper. That twinge of toothache, that tremulous sensation in the back, that return of vacancy and

inaction of the brain, that strange experience in which the mind refuses to see what the eye sees; — and that which was full of meaning before has lost its meaning, its pith and its power;—what are you going to do with these? They are nature's warning to you. They tell you that you have something more than this one sermon to think of.

But we have this one sermon to take care of now. You will allow me to put myself in your place a moment, and tell you how I manage when my mind has come to a sudden and unexpected pause in a given line of thought. This is to be in the condition of the hunter who has seen his game, marked the direction of his approach, and then given all his attention to his own movements, watching every step till he has reached the spot where it would do to look up again; and looking up he sees that the bird has flown; there is nothing to aim at. It does no good to stand there and look. Or, it is as if you were rolling a heavy stone; your first tug at it is successful; but it has now turned up to you a smooth side where there is nothing to get hold of. Your lever slips off from it, and your hands slip off. What do you do now? Why, just try at another angle: go around a few points of the circle and get hold where you

can. That is my way. If one of the heads of a subject grows obstinate and impracticable, and shuts the door in my face, I go partly around the building and find an open door or window where I can get in. I sometimes enter several different windows and explore rooms that I know belong to the house, and find at last that I have got the mastery of the entire house in this way; and those very doors that refused to open from the outside open easily enough from within. * * *

A hobby is a great educator. You will be astonished to see how many related things there are that it will compel you to know, and how many advantages it will create for you in your intercourse with people. You may find among the labors and processes which you see, something that will suggest a pleasing amateur employment when you need diversion. The lathe, I sometimes fear, is a trifle too fascinating. I can fully endorse all that Dr. Todd has said of its power to break the current of thought and chase away shadows that becloud the spirits. The croquet ground is admirable for the vacation season away from home. The use of tools, in addition to the many conveniences attending it, leads one upon ground that is largely common to the people. It is not creditable to an

educated man of these days not to know something of the details of the most common industries. There is a rich field of illustration for the minister of the gospel in the pursuits of those crowded manufacturing populations which are becoming the rule rather than the exception of our New England life. We can never dispense with the processes of nature so freely used by our Savior. But, if he were preaching among us now, there can be no doubt that he would find his illustrations largely, as did the Apostle Paul in the Grecian cities, among the most familiar usages of the people. And their work-shops and engines and implements would come in for no insignificant part. * * *

Let me enter that pulpit of yours with you once more. There is a group of young people, not regular in their attendance, who have no liking for preaching as such. You are in despair of doing anything for them at present by your preaching. Well, let us try another tack. Can't we organize these young people into a reading club, or some other organization for improvement? Give them, now and then, an evening talk on some interesting subject with the blackboard. Start an enthusiasm for something that is improving. They will begin to hear you with new interest in the pulpit. Now

you can lay out your campaign of religious work according to the wisdom given you. I was once astonished at the result of so simple a measure as this. I had made sure of my hold on the young people, and I gave a notice from the pulpit to this effect—'I invite the young people of the congregation to my house, on Wednesday evening, to listen to some explanations in regard to some points in religion which I think they will be glad to understand, and which I can talk about there in a different way from that of the pulpit. If you come you can judge for yourselves whether you will like to come again.' My parlors were filled. I took up the misapprehensions of young people in regard to religion. They came the second evening. And the third evening when I dismissed them, I found that they were not disposed to go away. They lingered around, drew closer to me with questions trembling on their lips which showed that the Spirit of God was already at work among them. There was an inquiry meeting on the spot; and a considerable number of those young people were soon among the most interesting and valuable members of the church.

There is one thing more which is strongly suggested by the discussions of our times, that

often present a serious difficulty to the conscientious and well-taught minister of the gospel. I refer to the demand that is made upon him to decide questions that no man living can decide. Not only within the Bible, but outside the Bible, it may be expected of you to answer questions with unhesitating wisdom. In regard to a great many things the more learning a man has the more he will hesitate. But this will not do. The multitude will follow a bold leader, and despise a timid one. I am not now speaking of the great cardinal doctrines of Christianity;—those in which the life and power of the gospel has always lain. To be unsettled here is, for the minister of the gospel, a *sin*. To proclaim his doubts, a shame. Let him do for himself what he preaches to his people,—turn Satan's suggestions out of doors, and 'be a follower of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.' It is in regard to minor points, such as pertain to cosmogony, the creation of individual souls, the chronology of the Bible, the theories concerning inspiration and the like, that you will be pressed; and it is better to be ready with your answer. You can commonly commit yourself to something; though well aware that the opposite view has a respectable following. You can differ from

this or that learned man with respect; and say, that as he is entitled to his opinion, so you are entitled to yours. Be positive, but take care to be right.

The next quality of a good leader is to be persistent. I do not advocate obstinacy. Obstinacy concedes nothing. Obstinacy commonly defeats itself. Persistence will commonly carry its point. I had nearly in front of my church edifice a huge rock, unsightly and quite in the way. It was a 'rock of offence' to me, if not to others. I spoke to the Committee about blasting and removing it. I saw it was likely to wait for two or three years. I went to a stone mason and borrowed a drill, and purchased fuse and powder. Monday afternoon I repaired to the rock and began to drill it. Soon a man came along who said 'If you are in for this, let me take hold." Then came another and another. We got in one effective blast that day. I made an appointment for the next Monday afternoon, and the next. All the drilling I had to do was about two inches the first day. The rock was split all in pieces and taken out of the way; and the men seemed to enjoy the work. I have seen many another rock removed in a similar way. A quiet persistent faith in the result, and a beginning

made, puts you far on in the way to success.

An easy way of keeping familiar with your Greek and Hebrew, which I strongly recommend, is to read from the Greek Testament and no other, at morning devotions; thus making sure of at least one chapter a day. Use the Greek and Hebrew Concordance uniformly instead of the English; have the Greek Testament for a pocket companion when travelling. Read from the Hebrew Bible every day, and always write your text at the head of your sermon in Greek or Hebrew, as the case may be. I have found it an exceedingly pleasant pastime to have a class in the Greek Testament recite to me once a week; consuming only one hour of time, but always a pleasant hour. I had such a class, at intervals, for years, and have now. I make it a gratuitous service. I begin with blackboard, or crayon and paper. Take some passage like the first in John's Gospel; I write the text and have them write it after me. Tell them as much as I think they can remember about the word, and have them rehearse it back to me at the next exercise. When they have written the first five verses, the first lesson, they have every letter of the alphabet but four. In ten lessons they have mastered the most common irregular verbs;

and there are but very few words which they do not easily find in the lexicon. They know the syntax and structure of Greek sentences, and are able to avail themselves of the most interesting suggestions of the Greek text. I had thirty at one time in the class. They used Bagster's Greek Testament with lexicon appended. It was something to have so many Greek Testaments scattered through the Sunday School. When a new class was gathered this last autumn, I suggested the possibility of buying the needed books from those who had ceased to use them. After much inquiry, three were found who were willing to sell them. Some would not even lend them. They wanted them for weekly use in the Sabbath School. This, to me, was not work but relaxation.

Let me say one word in regard to early morning study and the care of the eyes. In my college days, and while preparing for college, I suffered much from weakness of the eyes. Much of the advice I received was injurious, and I owed it to the relief obtained from colored glasses that I was able to pursue my studies. I have since learned, by abundant experience, that an artificial light may be used with no disadvantage as compared with daylight, by simply interposing an opaque screen

between the light and the eye, not a shade that surrounds the lamp and cuts off the general illumination from the room. The light that you want is that which is reflected from the paper or book. With such a device I can use the early morning hours, if need be, with impunity. I need not tell you how much more easily and clearly the mind can work during that portion of the day. * * *

Our spiritual gifts come not by miracle. That which you have by nature and that which you acquire by self discipline becomes, if I may so speak, the mold in which God developes his spiritual gifts in you. Just as the water which you pour into a vessel will go into every cavity, recess or chamber of that vessel, however manifold may be its construction, and whether it be one sided or symmetrical:—so, when you offer yourself to God to be filled with his fulness and made a vessel of honor to bear the water of life and the treasures of his grace to lost men, he will not disdain to fill those chambers of your soul on which you have toiled with special care, to enlarge them and furnish them and render them meet for his service. These, he will make the repositories of his spiritual gifts, and they will be the strength of your ministry on earth, and give voice and echo to your joy in Heaven."

FAMILY LIFE.

THE friends for whom this book is designed are, most of them, familiar with the inner circle of Dr. Street's family. They will recall the open door and cordial welcome which were extended to all who came. The invitation to the pastor's house was never limited. He could not bring his mind to say that even his morning study hours must be his own. He invited the confidences of his people, and many a troubled one who carried a burden of care or sin left his study with a lighter heart and happier countenance. He had a remarkable influence over youthful hearts. So well he knew how to gather the lambs into the Savior's fold. Those of a sceptical turn, who were honest in their questionings, he had the happiness of leading step by step out of the cloudy atmosphere of doubt into the bright sunlight of Christian faith. And some of these developed into most efficient workers in the church. He was always ready to lend his books and to aid in starting the inquirer on the right track when a question arose to baffle his search.

He was continually buying new books and reading them, and he made great use of the public libraries, sometimes going to Boston to consult the library there for some rare book not otherwise obtainable. His mind grew more and more eager in its inquiries to the last of his life. He would spend days and even weeks in studying some point in an unexplored field which presented itself to his mind. When this was elucidated, he loved to bring it to the notice of scholars of like tastes with himself and discuss it with them. Sometimes it was a passage of Scripture, as for instance this, "For we know not what we should pray for as we ought." No light thrown upon it by the commentators satisfied him. He worked out a new line of thought upon it. This occupied him during many hours of his last summer vacation, in his sojourn by the sea. Another of these studies which he pursued with eager interest was concerning "Changes in the Physical Geography of the Ancient Home of Man in Central and Western Asia." He elaborated a paper on this subject, with maps of his own, which was considered so valuable as to warrant its delivery before the American Geographical Society of New York. It was afterwards published by that Society.

In his early ministerial years much of his sermon writing was done late at night after a laborious day. This, he came to realize, was too great a drain on his vital forces, and he lengthened his days at the other end, rising early in the morning, summer and winter, doing much of his best work in the hours before breakfast. He woke habitually with a song on his lips. His morning hymn of praise was often heard by others in the family, and shed a benign influence over the day. One of his favorites was Watts' familiar hymn :

"Once more my soul the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes."

Another he sung during the shortening days of winter, was :

"Behold my soul the narrow bound
Of the revolving year."

When he appeared at breakfast there was nothing to indicate that he had been hard at work in his study. The breakfast table was enlivened by stories and pleasant talk and lively play upon words. Dr. Street loved a good story and was apt in the telling. He had one ready on all occasions. He found amusement in hunter's stories and those of travels in wild regions, and he had these in reserve for the children. In his childhood he did not have

access to any books and tales of the imagination, and it was not until he had reached mature life that he read The Arabian Nights. This he did thoroughly, that he might understand the allusions to it that he often met with in his reading. The average novel he had no time or relish for. It bored him. He used to say that he would write one to suit him if he had time. He took his own course with a story whenever he read one, beginning usually in the middle of it, where he would make acquaintance with the hero and the other characters by means of their conversation. He read it through from that point to the end, and, if it interested him, he then read the opening chapters.

His hand writing was always plain and legible. When he reached the period where eyeglasses become a necessity, he made as little use of them, in the pulpit, as possible. He used them frequently in reading the Scriptures and the hymns, but they were laid aside when he commenced his sermon. He realized the importance of holding the attention of his audience, and in order to this, he must see them and they must see him. So he took pains to have his sermons written in large and well defined characters. He often made his pens, and with these he secured large, heavy lines. A glance at

the first word of a sentence put him in possession of the whole, and this gave his sermons an extemporaneous effect. He did not give much time to letter writing—that is, to correspondence with friends. It was not necessary, because Mrs. Street was so active a correspondent and did the writing for them both. He sometimes slipped in a letter, in Greek or Latin, to the children when she was writing. One of these we copy.

LOWELL, *Sept. post Calendas XIX.*

MEA CARISSIMA BESSIE :—

Gratissima mihi erat epistola recepta hesterno die. Beatus sum audire studiorum tuorum cum matre tua.

Spero initium Virgilii te facturam esse cum non multa mora.

Graeca studia non obliviscenda sunt. Sic fervet opus.

Duae literae ab matre tua recepta ab eodem vectore hac hora. Omnia tuta sunt.

Ab amante pappe tuo,

O. STREET.

Extracts from two letters to his daughter are also given.

LOWELL, Feb. 14, 1872.

MY DEAR LIZZIE :—

Your bright and hopeful letter came to-day and gave us a new start. For, somehow, there

is a kind of uneasy sense of trouble and of a cloud hanging somewhere in our sky all the time, if things do not go smoothly with you. After I sent off the last little hasty scrawl, I thought of a great deal that I should like to have said. But the letter must go just then, or wait a day. * * I am just in the midst of my annual raid upon oranges and lemons. I do not know what I should do without them. Perhaps you have no such craving for sour things.

Mr. Read is having the new fixture put into the church for the singers, this week. He intends to have them mounted in their rostrum next Sunday. I think if he gets the place well filled they will make a fine appearance. They will be on the same level with the pulpit floor, and on the side where I usually go in. So I shall have to go up the other aisle, or else cross over in front of the pulpit. Mr. Metcalf is planning for a great praise-meeting, Sunday evening after next, with cornets and ram's horns of high and low degree to assist. I have another idea in my head. Ask Sherwood what he thinks of it. The notion seems to be abroad that we can have nothing but praise-meetings and prayer-meetings. I don't see why we might not select that class of hymns that would be suitable, and have "Confession meetings," "Exhortation meetings," "Doctrinal instruction meetings," "Covenant meetings," "Promise meetings," and a good many beside. Let it be arranged that at suitable intervals fitting re-

marks should be made, and then pour in the hot shot. I have been having one of my old fashioned, inveterate colds; nothing seems to get hold of it. The remedies act very stupidly and ineffectually. I feel some better now, and, if I could stay in evenings for a while, should throw it all off. We cannot say when we will come down, but will do our best to come at the right time, and, if possible, before long. Love to Sherwood. Good for the gymnasium. Can't the best points be introduced into the barn, or apple trees, for occasional use?

Your Affectionate Father,
O. STREET.

MY DEAR LIZZIE:—

You have been so good to write, that I am almost ashamed to think how long it is since you have had a line from me.

It is the week of prayer, and we have a meeting every evening. My New Year's sermon was on the text, "I stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance." The mind not made for stagnation. Religion recognizes its need of frequent rousing. The New Year a time that is fitted to stir us with salutary religious thoughts. Religion does not minister excitement simply as a mental luxury; nor in response to the natural craving for excitement. It proposes to stir the pure mind,—idea of the original *pure*, see Ellicott,—both derivations instructive and largely used in the illustration. The more you stir pure water the more it

sparkles: the turbid pool becomes only the darker and more opaque. Stirred by way of remembrance. Not new truth, but old, fetched up from the catacombs of the memory and brought fresh to the mind. The pure mind is stirred, as by the sound of a trumpet, as often as it is seized upon by the truth.

The benefits of this stirring.

1. It is a good in itself—quickens and intensifies the life of the soul.

2. It is in a more fit condition for Christian work.

3. It is in more conscious sympathy with heaven; can better "read its title clear to mansions in the skies." Lessons of the year. Unusual number of deaths, and of conspicuous members of the congregation. Admonition to keep our minds wakeful to divine themes. A happy New Year.

And now is it possible that I have put off wishing you and Sherwood a happy New Year, to this last page? No! for it has been in my heart all the time. Scores of them to you both:—happy as it is possible for mortals to be, and happier and brighter to the end. I am glad to hear all the pleasant and cheery things that you say about West Haven. Two weeks, now, is it, before you come home! Shall begin by and by to count the days. You will not be more glad to see us than we to see you. Good night, God bless you.

Your Affectionate Father,

O. Street.

Mrs. Street's letters to members of her family read like a journal. They embody just what she would say in a conversation, and that is the purpose they answered mother and daughter in the seventeen years of their separation. Her letters to little children, of which she wrote a great many, were always of her best, in her finest chirography and always on dainty, small sheets. Her heart was so young that she never forgot the way to sympathize with children, and how to interest and please them. She often carried candies or lumps of sugar in her pocket for neglected little ones whom she met in her walks. For all such she had an intense sympathy. To others more forbidding, who had gone astray, she never refused a helping hand and word of encouragement. On one occasion, when entirely alone in her house, a stranger called and inquired for Dr. Street. He said he was in trouble and needed help. He had been in jail and now his term had expired and he was adrift without any place to go, or any prospects. He thought he might get employment in another place and wanted a little money to get him there. She asked him to come in, for her heart was moved with pity for him. "Why did you go wrong?" she questioned. He replied that it was strong

drink that made all the trouble. She told him she was sorry for him and would gladly help him, but it would not be right to give him money, for he would doubtless spend it in drinking, as he had done before. "But," said she, "I will give you your dinner." The man was hungry and gladly accepted her offer. She talked with him meanwhile. In telling of it afterward she said, "I don't know why I was not afraid. He was evidently a desperate man. But I felt sorry for him and wanted to do him good. Before he went away I said 'Promise me that you will lead a better life and give up drinking.'" He did promise and thanked her, with emotion, for the interest she had taken in him.

Two of her letters to children we copy here.

My Dear Sherwie:—

I must write a few lines to tell you how very very sorry I was that we were obliged to disappoint you about coming yesterday to Amherst. It was a cruel disappointment to us all; but I know you have been so long wanting to see Bessie and Amy and show them the dear baby brother. I think you would have had him already in your arms when we got to the door. But, darling, I think we shall come before long. The days will soon pass away, and then the weather will be pleasanter; now it is very cold and disagreeable, and the trees

that are blossomed really look as if they felt uncomfortable; the wind is east, and there is no comfort in being out. Last Saturday night it froze ice quite thick. Bess and Amy planted their garden last week, and the peas and beans are all up nicely, but I guess Jack Frost will have the first bite at them. We will have a grand time when we come, won't we? It will be so warm and sunny that we shall want your mamma to go out with us. Now good night, my precious boy, and sleep good and get strong and, after sleeping away some of the waiting hours, we shall come to see you. The girls have a nice ball and they play a great deal and you will help them.

Your loving GRANDMA.

LOWELL, April 10th, '87.

MY DARLING BESSIE:—

I am owing you as many as three letters; how shall I ever pay you? Your sweet patience is wonderful: for you never reproach me. I am hoping to see you next week and we will make it all right with a kiss. This Easter Sunday is a day of all days for loveliness; it is warm as a June day. But the violets and roses—where are they? under the snow? but they cannot be kept there much longer. When another warm, sunny day like this comes, they will show their colors. You children will shout for joy that the real Spring has come, and Sherwie will count every new leaf on his petted plants. I shall expect to hear the birds sing

when I come; and we will sing our dear old hymn about "Canaan and Moses." We received your pretty little Easter carol; it was just like you, darling girlie, thank you for it.

Our church pulpit and platform were elegantly decorated to-day with greenhouse plants and lilies. Now, my dear, I must write a few lines to your mamma and you and I will finish our talk, "if nothing happens," next week. Love to dear Sherwie and Amy from your Grandpa and myself, with a good share for the "Bess."

Your loving GRANDMA.

One of her pleasures was to make her home beautiful. She loved flowers and was seldom without them. Summer and winter she contrived to have a vase of fresh flowers in her parlor and usually on her dining table. She was careful to have in her service a person whose face and manner were comely and pleasant, that her friends might be won to frequent calls and not repelled by a surly or indifferent reception. She realized that it is the little things which make up the sum of our lives, and her careful, patient attention to minute details in her household, and in all with which she had to do, made the atmosphere in which she lived one of sweet attractiveness.

Dr. Street recognized the value and importance of recreations and made great use of

them to interrupt the current of his busy life, so charged with grave responsibilities and cares. He was much interested in machinery and liked to have a variety of tools. He liked to have a foot lathe in all the places where he spent much time. He had one at home, one at Amherst and one at Squirrel Island, made by himself. He had a number of microscopes of different sizes and degrees. He ground the lenses and made the greater part of the settings. He also mounted his specimens. This work he took up at moments when body and mind were weary under severe application.

He was an eager student in all fields of scientific research, but he was especially devoted to geology. Those who accompanied him in his walks and explorations of the rocky formations about Lowell will not easily forget his enthusiasm over boulders and glacier scratches, and the interest he took in unfolding his theories. At Squirrel Island he was the recognized authority in the geological field. So interested was he in that rocky shore that his wife used to say that he loved the very rocks themselves.

He also loved the sea, and was accustomed to spend many hours each day in his retreat under the trees, where he could watch the waves roll in and hear them beat against the shore. There

amid the mighty works of the Creator he found the communnion which his soul craved. He always took with him his pen and paper, and portfolio of his own manufacture. His sermon on "The Sea," written during his last summer at Squirrel Island, will be remembered by many.

The festivals of the year were happily observed in their home. Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter were occasions to which much thought and preparation were given. Many were remembered on these days. Cards and little gifts were sent to absent friends with whom the correspondence was infrequent; a comforting book to an invalid or a lonely one; and always something to make the children glad.

Usually one of their grandchildren spent Christmas with them, but the last year of their life they were alone, although they dined with friends and greatly enjoyed the day. Among Mrs. Street's papers is one on Christmas, written by her, as we suppose, that last year of her life.

CHRISTMAS.

"As the year comes around in its appointed circle of seasons, how delightful the cheer and brightness that are brought into it by the ever welcome holidays of Christmas!

How opportunely they come in, just when they are most needed! With our nine hours of daylight and fifteen hours of darkness we are nearest to the Arctic night; and even these few hours of the day are often rendered dreary by clouds and storms. How good it seems to see that which may be to us as the Star of Bethlehem in our firmament; and to hear that which may be as the angel voices in the air!

What if the stars be many instead of one! What if they be kindled on earth, if only there be a little of that brightness that comes down from heaven! What if the voices that cheer us be those of human angels, if only there be a little of the answering music of heaven in our souls! What if our Christmas gifts be of the things that perish! Will there not come with them some thought of Heaven's best gift to man? What if the swiftly declining year that brings this joyous Anniversary reminds us of the lengthening shadows and the setting sun of life! Is not even that glorious? As glorious as the rosy dawn that ushered in the day of the sweet child life that brought joy to the world and proclaimed peace on earth. How welcome the brilliant show of this great Carnival of the season! Welcome the merry voices, and glad looks and eager hopes of happy children! Wel-

come all the pleasant dreams of their waking hours and all the playful myths of Santa Claus and his mysterious exploits! Welcome all that gives brightness, beauty and joy to this merry Christmas day.

'Bring garlands
Fresh garlands
On Christmas' bright morn:
From woodlands
Green woodlands
Each home to adorn.
The mistletoe, holly
And cedar combine,
With ivy and hemlock,
The laurel and pine.'"

THE
TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

IN September, 1882, Dr. Street completed the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate in Lowell. His sermon preached on that occasion happily delineates the life of this period, with such points as seemed to him especially noteworthy in the retrospect. From it we make copious extracts. His text is from 2 Chron. 20: 30-31. "The realm of Jehoshaphat was quiet; . . . . and he reigned twenty-five years in Jerusalem."

"This is the only instance that I find in the Bible of the precise period of twenty-five years given in connection with any public service; the only direct or indirect marking of a twenty-fifth anniversary of official life. There is another circumstance that gives the text an adaptation to our present use. It was a period of quiet. There were no internal broils, or upheavals, or revolutionary outbreaks. It was a season of prevailing content and general prosperity. So I look back upon the years of my quiet and pleasant life among you. As Irenaeus repre-

sents the widely scattered Christian Church of his day as living in the happy acknowledgement of the same truths, and in the same spirit, 'as if dwelling in the same house,' so we may claim with an intenser meaning to have been a well-compacted household of the faith, a harmonious and loving family, making our ecclesiastical and social life one and indivisible, in a sense that is almost domestic; more emphatically than many, we have been a church of families and a family church. At my first coming to Lowell the city was in the thirty-first year of its corporate age. Its aspect was then, in many respects, different from that which it now presents. New buildings have replaced the old to such an extent, along our principal streets, that we almost forget to look at the old. Portions of the city of considerable extent are entirely new. The population of the city was then some 37,000. Now it is estimated at some 62,000. The Lowell of to-day presents many a striking contrast with the Lowell of twenty-five years ago. Let me come nearer home and speak of High Street Church. The surroundings of this spot were very different then from what they are now. The hospital on the north, the stone church on the west, and the parochial school on the east, had neither of them been

built, or thought of. The space back of the church, with the exception of the old Livermore mansion, was vacant to the river. On the west side were tenement houses; on the south and east, with the exception of the new block and the parochial school, it was much the same as now. The church edifice had a different contour from the present, the roof presenting four main water-sheds instead of two, with two rows of turrets, one on the east side and the other on the west. From some original defect of construction the building, at various points, was not proof against the driving rain. The church lot had a very different appearance. The wooden picket fence, both in front and on the sides, had outlasted its usefulness, and was no ornament to the grounds; and there was a quadrangle of twenty-five feet by one hundred in the southwest corner of the lot, as it now is, that was not owned by the church, and was not fenced in, and served as a woodyard to the bakery on the opposite side of the street. Within the edifice the aspect was quite as unlike the present. Behind the pulpit was a plain wall, and the organ was in the tower room at the other end of the building. This is a general account of that which met the eye. And it was in accord, for the most part, with the

ominous and doubtful feeling that gained frequent expression in regard to the future of the church, which was then but eleven years old. Indeed but a short time before, during that very year, the question of disbanding had been raised and brought to the test of a vote. The scale was turned by a majority of one. The discouraged feeling that was so apparent, arose in part from the evident necessity for extensive and costly repairs, from an existing debt of some four thousand dollars, and, more than all, from an invincible apathy, except on the part of a few. The income of the pew rents for the year was not sufficient to keep the debt from increasing, and the time was not distant, as matters were going, that the debt would exceed the value of the church property, and bring the enterprise to an end. This was the way that many were looking at it. Another thing that operated with similar discouraging effect was the isolated and almost suburban location of the church. Belvidere did not then reach out so far as now; the city limits on this side were more contracted. That which was at first believed to be an advantage of the location was felt to be operating against it. Families living in this part of the city preferring to worship with a Congregational church did not,

as commonly as was hoped, fix their attention here. There was a strong attraction toward the center of the city. Three of our Congregational churches are near the center and have the whole city as their parish. Other important churches of other denominations are with them. There are thirteen churches within a circle swept by a radius of a quarter of a mile, and ten within a circle swept by a radius of half that length. This had the observed effect of setting in motion, each Sabbath morning, a living tide of humanity toward the center of the city. Here and there one was seen to drop out of the current to enter the doors of the High Street church, but it was like going with the minority. Not a few were disinclined to this ; they preferred to move with the wider and stronger current. Thirteen to one, or ten to one, was a difference not to be despised. This is not thought of now as it was twenty-five years ago. Then, all these difficulties, with eleven years' experience in battling with them, were sorely felt. But difficulties serve only as a stimulus when enthusiasm awakes and the blood is up.

There were those who knew the preciousness of every spark of enthusiasm and knew how to fan it. There were those who said, 'Let us

put the same purpose and zeal into our church enterprise that we put into our business.' And they did it. Others took fire at the same example; and others, still, whose secret doubts had not been overcome, said, 'We will not desert the ship, or leave our brethren in the lurch, or deny encouragement, as we see them battling in the forlorn hope.' And thus there came a unity of effort. Those who had been discouraged became encouraged. Those who had argued and talked the enterprise down began to argue the other way. The prayer meetings manifested a new unction, a new life. The Sabbath School began to grow. The Sabbath congregation increased. The great revival of 1858 brought new members and new life to the church. As a thank-offering the people rallied and paid their church debt. Then came the needful repairs of the house of worship. The roof was newly covered and extended over the galleries, displacing the turrets; the organ was removed to this end of the church, and the recess in which it stands constructed to receive it. The walls were cleaned and tinted, and the house newly furnished. This became the occasion of those memorial gifts that are chronicled in our manual."

Here we have the story of the first year or two of the new pastorate. It is the story of the leader, and we are reminded of Nehemiah rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem. But what says the leader of his own part in it? You will observe that no mention is made of how these forces, just on the eve of disbanding, were rallied and set in order in the ranks; how heart and cheer were infused into the discouraged members of the weak, young church, numbering in its resident membership only seventy-six, five more than the original band who were organized into it eleven years before. How was the debt paid? Shall I tell the story of enthusiasm, zeal, and effort, which knew no abatement, listened to no words of discouragement, no arguments for delaying; but, with a patience and persistency born of faith, pursued its endeavor until the end was attained? There are those in the church now who remember the labors of those years in which their pastor and his wife were never separated.

Dr. Street says of the Sabbath School:

"When I came here the Sabbath School was small. I well remember the first Sabbath School concert that I attended. It was in a vestry room of less dimensions than that portion of the room below now occupied by the

juvenile department. And the attendance corresponded with the accommodations. I remember how the feeling of hope began to kindle in the autumn of that year, and we began to find out that we had a Superintendent who could lead on to something better. I know that I thought him one of the best Superintendents in the world. He took courage when he saw the sympathy and help that were rallying to his support. And if any man ever laid himself out more earnestly and heartily than he did in Sunday School work, I do not know who or where it was. It was his work to place the school on a foundation from which it has never been moved. With him it was a nine years campaign. He rests from his labors and his works do follow him*. His successors are present with us, all but one, Dea. J. K. Chase, who won our hearts from another point of approach, and drew us very near to him. Both are now where so many little ones are gathered in the kingdom of heaven. * * * * * * Twenty-five years ago, and for fourteen years afterward, we, as a congregation, did our own singing, and this required a weekly rehearsal. Year after year we gathered on Saturday evening with our organist as a leader, and practised

*Joseph H. Ely.

upon the tunes that were to be sung on the following day. This rehearsal was kept up for a series of years; until I could count nearly two hundred tunes that we could trust ourselves to sing without a special rehearsal. This may seem to some a small achievement. But it is because they cannot go back to those times and understand the difficulties that environed us. What we did, brought prosperity to the congregation because it enlisted the many to do something. For several years, in addition to the Saturday evening rehearsal, which I almost always attended, I prepared and delivered one Sabbath evening lecture a month on hymn-writers and kindred topics, for the purpose of gathering the people for a special rehearsal which followed the lecture. This, it will be remembered, was when we had an afternoon service. This effort met with a very kindly response from the people, and accomplished something in the way of improving our singing.

I have done something in various ways to call out and aid the efforts of our young people for mutual education and improvement. I have felt that something was gained if the intellect could be aroused and set upon a career of progress. And there have been some instances, certainly, in which this has led to higher aims.

I have taught several classes in the Greek of the new Testament with the hope of opening to them the new and delightful glimpses of the divine thought that come through this avenue of study, and awakening a deeper interest in the pursuit of the highest of all knowledge.

I have rejoiced greatly in the opening of a new path of higher culture for the young in the Chautauqua enterprise, and assisted, as you know, in some very interesting practical demonstrations of it.

At the time of my installation I had reached that stage of life when men are confident that almost everything can be done. I was sanguine and full of hope. My motto was 'Difficulties are given us to be overcome.' I had, as I have now, an unwavering faith in the gospel and 'the powers of the world to come.' I fully believed that mankind everywhere need the gospel. I said to myself, 'if this enterprise fails I have still an opportunity, for a time, to preach the gospel here, and I will give myself to it, trusting that by the blessing of God some good will come of it.' Thus I went on from week to week and from year to year, till 'having obtained help from God, I continue to this day, witnessing to all both small and great; saying no other things than the prophets and

Moses did say should come.' I came from another state where many things were different. There were many things I had to learn anew. I took lessons at the same time I was giving them."

He pays a warm and affectionate tribute to his brethren in the ministry in the city, which is too lengthy to be recorded here, except in its closing passages.

"When I recall the many able and excellent men who have labored by my side in the ministry here, I see and feel that my life in Lowell has been one of no ordinary privilege. Marcus Aurelius tells us what he learned from various eminent men of his times, and renders thanks to the gods that ever he knew Rusticus, Apollonius and Maximus. In like manner, though I cannot stop to say what I have learned from one and another, I thank God that ever I knew Jenkins, Cleaveland, Foster, Blanchard and their successors, and the many noble men who have shone as stars in the galaxy of our churches of every name."

He goes on to speak of "the relative position that is, at present, occupied by a pastor who has reached his twenty-fifth anniversary."

"As I look around among my brethren of the Protestant clergy in this city, I find that, with

a single exception, * I stand alone. Not only in the present time, but even in the past, there has been no one besides, in any Protestant denomination, who has reached his twenty-fifth anniversary as pastor of one and the same church. I find in the commonwealth only fourteen besides myself who have seen twenty-five years of consecutive service in the same pulpit. Among all the pastors in the cities of Massachusetts, I can find but four to stand by my side in this record of a service of a quarter of a century long. As nearly as I can recall the facts, I have supplied the pulpit either in person or by exchange, with the exception of the annual vacation and a very few Sabbaths when the house was necessarily closed for repairs, every Sabbath of these twenty-five years but ten; and in no single instance have I failed to administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the regular time.

It would require a large volume to tell of my visits to the chambers of sickness, and my anxious endeavors to let in light upon the darkness I have so often found, and to lead the troubled soul to the shelter of the cross. Nor can I tell with what deep solicitude I have endeavored to avoid the danger of disturbing

* Rev. Dr. Edson, since deceased.

diseased nerves, on the one hand, and the danger of failing in duty to the soul, on the other; how I have studied to separate the admonitions and instructions of religion from the startling and distracting apprehensions of death; to probe the tumors of sentiment and waken the healthy pulses of faith; a task which I have many times approached with a mountain weight upon my soul. So I have felt when I inwardly knew that the Spirit of God was bringing home to one and another the great and tender messages of the gospel. I have trembled lest the harvest season should go by and leave the soul ungathered. Whether wisely or not, a coming day will tell how thoughtfully and anxiously I have divided the word of truth in the critical hour. Such details as these have made up no small part of my work. To be trusted with the deepest secrets of the heart, to study the pathology of the sin-sick soul, and to unfold the remedy as under the eye of God, this brings heart very near to heart. It has made my people very dear to me. And other things have made them dear. We have been together as a family, as brothers and sisters. Your joys have been mine as well as your sorrows, your successes, your trials, your hopes and your fears. The home

of my childhood remains. Tender memories gather around it. There is a luxury in those reminiscences, and there are graves of which I am both tender and proud. But these are of the past. They touch deep chords in my heart, but they are differently strung; there is no such weaving and interweaving of ties that have owed their vitality to work done in sight of another world, gravest responsibilities borne, and victories or defeats that take hold on eternity.

In my annual vacations when the demand of the hour has seemed to be to throw off burdens and rest from care, my heart was here. In all my wanderings I have asked myself, who of my flock may be now bowing under burdens too heavy to be borne? Who of them are 'walking thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore of that vast ocean,' upon which they feel that they are soon to embark? Who of them are looking within the veil, beyond the flood of years, seeking to scan the sudden, far off flight of some loved one that has gone to the bosom of his God? And then my heart has sighed, O for wings! that I might be there to speak the consoling word, or, at least, sit in silence by their side and bear their burden with them!

I have lived among you a kind of sojourning life, inhabiting no one dwelling long, happy in your sympathy when any of the discomforts of life have overtaken me, and happy in your smiles, when, as for the most part, the sun over me has been bright. To me these twenty-five years have been happy years. I have known the joy and the excitement of earnest work, of constant study, and of increasing knowledge. For your sake, as well as for my own, I have kept myself carefully abreast of the age. I have watched everything that has promised to be helpful to the higher interests of mankind, and everything that has seemed to me to be looking the other way. I have endeavored to accept all truth from whatever source. I have taught and endeavored to cherish a large and generous charity, and, when under the necessity of differing from others, to differ kindly; remembering that none are infallible, and that it is one of the felicities of our erring humanity that a man may be much better than his philosophy or his creed. I well know my shortcomings and my mistakes. And as well do I know that you have looked upon them with generosity and forbearance. God forbid that I should ever be unmindful of this, or fail to remember it with gratitude to Him and to you.

I make thankful record of your patience and of the alacrity with which you have entered into my plans and joined your labors, without which I could have accomplished nothing, to mine. I reaffirm to-day the strong convictions of the momentous truths which awakened my own soul in my youth, which anchored my faith upon the Rock of Ages, which carried me into the ministry; and which have inspired all my endeavors to lead you to the only sure foundation of human help. The prominent lesson of this review is—'This, I say, brethren, the time is short.' The years roll on and the current of time will continue to cast its wrecks upon the strand. 'The reaper is near to the long standing grain.' But he takes for his garner the young also, and those of every age. Not one of us can be too soon or too surely ready for his coming. Let the church below prepare us for the church above. It is the glory of the gospel that it makes it possible for us to have always something bright before us. In coming labors, as in past, let there be the brightness of hope and joy, and assured success upon all the field; and a cheerful devotion for Christ's sake, to whatever is needful to be done. Then he will always set the Sun of Righteousness in our horizon; and glorious beyond all that eye

hath seen, will be its light when all other lights have gone into eclipse."

Memories sacred and tender throng around the anniversary which marks the union of pastor and people a quarter of a century long. It was made the occasion of a delightful reunion on the evening of Oct. 12, 1882. The High St. Church opened its doors in cordial invitation to those who had gone out from it in other years, and to the friends of Dr. and Mrs. Street in Lowell and at a distance. It gathered once more within the old church home those who loved its walls and the ministries of its pulpit; and many whom time and distance had separated, met together as in days gone by. The vestry was decorated with a rich combination of autumn leaves, laurel and flowers. Beneath an arch of green bearing above it the dates 1857 and 1882, Dr. and Mrs. Street stood and received the congratulations of their friends. It was a time of much happy interchange of thought and feeling. The addresses of Judge Crosby and Rev. Mr. Seward, with Dr. Street's reply, will recall the scene to those who were present. Judge Crosby spoke as follows:

"The occasion we celebrate this evening is an uncommon one, to say the least. It could

have happened but twice in the history of Lowell. It is extraordinary in its character, it is impressive in its relations, and should leave upon our minds and hearts indelible memories. It is not one of our common sociables where all our thoughts are filled with transitory pleasures and daily avocations—impressions of social friendships. Our assembling together reaches after things and contemplations between earth and heaven—heavenly and divine things. We come to greet our pastor of twenty-five years' labor among us, having advanced also ourselves the same number of years from our younger to riper years—years we are not to retrace but to increase.

A pastor is the spiritual teacher and guide of his people, a source of influence and responsibility far above and beyond all matters of earth. He is our comforter in trial and affliction, a guide in the highest branches of intellectual and moral culture, but more than all a pilot and supporter over the rough voyage of life—over its commotions and temptations, as well as through its snares and pleasures, to point out the durable riches and the security of their inheritance. He is to point out the way and beckon us on, in season and out of season, that we do not wander or delay. His great duties

are to change our worldliness into heavenly-mindedness, our selfishness into charitableness.

The continuance of this pastorate is evidence of mutual interest, confidence, affection and respect, and this assemblage is evidence of great and permanent harmony among us in all our parochial affairs. This is a sort of New England Thanksgiving, when the whole family assembles to recount past pleasures, recognize present assurances, and forearm future progress. We certainly may thank God and take courage when we call to mind our pastorates, the courteous gentlemen, the learned scholars and faithful Christian workers, who have ministered to us in holy things these thirty-six years in their successive service.

Three of them having been publicly honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity, we may consider ourselves fortunate in our selection, and doubly so in their character and influence over us. While Christian culture is of the first importance with us, there is also an intellectual and social influence of great value within the pastor's official functions. All our pastors have been eminently adapted to associated work, and I think we should be grateful for our good fortune in this behalf. It is high praise for our most respected and beloved pastor to say that

he has not been the least nor the less of them all.

And now, my dear pastor, I take great pleasure to assure you, as I may safely do by the spontaneous assemblage of your parishioners and a few sympathizing and honored friends I see among us this evening, that your labors have not been in vain in the Lord, or without great and satisfactory upbuilding of us in all our religious, domestic and daily duties, and also in those matters which are demanded of us in the wonderful Christian civilization of our time. They wish me also to present you with these slight offerings of their respect and love, with their wishes that the Great Head of the Church will give you and your beloved wife and co-laborer with you, health and life so as to remain with us."

The gifts alluded to, were an elegant gold watch for Dr. Street, a beautiful pin for Mrs. Street, and a generous purse of money.

Rev. J. L. Seward, pastor of the Unitarian church, and a member of the Plato Club, then addressed Dr. Street as follows:

"Rev. Dr. Street: Our honored friend, Judge Crosby, has tenderly and eloquently conveyed to you the hearty congratulations of your beloved parishioners on this auspicious

evening. He has voiced their united expression of love and their grateful appreciation of these twenty-five years of faithful, conscientious, Christian labor. He has accompanied these expressions with more substantial testimonials of their regard and affection for you; but these beautiful gifts are after all but a simple souvenir of their remembrance of those good deeds of the past quarter of a century. Words cannot suffice to tell the effect of your preaching in all that time. Gifts cannot repay you; but they can assure you that your earnest efforts are not forgotten.

But, my dear doctor, I stand here as a representative of the large circle of your admiring friends outside of this parish. I shall perform a task most grateful to them if, in their behalf, one and all, I congratulate you, this happy evening. We would do more. We would take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation of your great worth as a citizen of our city; first, as being a model Christian man, in your own life exemplifying the most noble principles which you exhort others to cherish; secondly, as a true and perfect gentleman, a really worthy type of the true New England gentleman, whose courteous and dignified bearing, whose polite attentions and kind consideration for all

are fitting models of imitation and commendation; and thirdly, as a philanthropist ever wishing to do what can be done to improve the condition of the unfortunate.

I stand here, also, as a representative of the Lowell clergymen, more especially of those whose denominational ties are different from your own, to assure you of their hearty good will, to extend their best wishes and congratulations, and to wish you the choicest blessings of the future.

But, sir, I am to-night more especially commissioned to speak for a smaller circle of friends, a little band which has met at stated times in our quiet and pleasant homes to explore the fields of classic literature and to commune with each other about those great problems of human thought which have occupied the attention of mortals since the powers of reason began to exert themselves. You have most kindly given us your valuable time, and have ably and impartially presided over our deliberations from the first. We are pleased, this evening, to bring a humble offering, symbolizing our appreciation of your services and expressing our regard and esteem for yourself personally; and, in congratulating you upon this silver-wedding of the union of your Christian labors with the

good works of this parish, we ask you in behalf of the Plato Club, to accept the best extant translation of your favorite classic, the translation of Plato's works by Prof. Jowett, of Oxford, and also the translation of Plutarch's Morals, made in part and wholly supervised by Prof Goodwin, of Harvard University. We also bring these offerings as a testimonial of your own profound scholarship, knowing that you will appreciate their best thoughts, and in the hope that they may make pleasant many hours in your study. For yourself and your excellent wife accept our best wishes for present and continued health, prosperity and happiness."

At the close of Mr. Seward's address, Rev. Dr. Street spoke as follows:

"My dear and honored friend, and my dear Brother Seward, and all my dear friends here assembled: If you can imagine whatever of happy and joyful emotion has had possession of all hearts in this presence this evening gathered and concentrated upon one, you may gain some impression of the weight and pressure of grateful feeling that rests upon me at the present time. As this pleasant hour of reception has been passing, and I have heard your kind and varied expressions of congratulations, so generous, so

hearty, and so warmly given, I have said to myself, this is due in part to time. Twenty-five years is a long period for a sentiment of any kind to live and grow and acquire strength.

There is something, too, to be said of the charitable and kindly appreciation which a generous public have of an honest endeavor to render a true service, however marred it may be with manifold shortcomings and imperfections. He who has endeavored to do his duty faithfully in the fear of God, is sure of gaining from his fellow men as favorable an estimate as he deserves. There is encouragement in this consideration for every one to deserve as well as he can of his fellow men. Their appreciation is some part of the present reward.

I recognize, too, that very much of the honor and kindness of these expressions is due to the sacred sphere of that service which I have been called to render. I have stood for you, in some sort, as a link of connection with the invisible and the eternal: and that, in circumstances of greatly varied and often of deep and tender interest. There are no deeper chords in our nature than are touched by a service that seeks to aid our fellow men in the ever-changing vicissitudes of life, to bring their joys and sorrows

in grateful praise or in humble trust to Him whose hand and whose heart are concerned with them all.

You have not come, my dear friends, empty handed. You have told what was in your hearts, not only by your words, but by your gifts. And in both, you have most thoughtfully and worthily associated with me the dear companion of my life. Together we thank you for all; for this complete and generous expression, in which nothing that a spontaneous and overflowing kindness could suggest, has been wanting. And to add a final touch of graceful and delicate enhancement to the pleasure of the hour, my greatly respected and endeared friends of the Plato Club, with whom I have enjoyed so many evenings of improving association in the walks of a noble literature, have honored the occasion with their presence, and contributed their valuable additions to my library in token of their regard.

For all these expressions coming from the beloved people of my parish, and from so many kind friends outside of the parochial lines, you have our most sincere and heartfelt thanks. Nor shall this be all. We give you in return our hearts, ourselves. Whatever of capacity,

of service is in us, in whatever sphere we may be useful, in church, in society, or in the city, we are yours. And the honors you have so kindly brought us we lay at his feet to whom all our homage is due, and 'crown him Lord of all.'"

An editorial from the columns of the Lowell *Courier*, which we quote in part, is a fitting conclusion to this chapter.

"The bond of sympathy which has drawn forth the loving testimonials of his own people, and of hundreds of our citizens who do not belong to his parish, has not been wholly, or even chiefly, that resulting from his profession. Dr. Street has always represented the best citizenship—not so much as an active participant in the details of municipal administration, as in always keeping a watchful eye on the moral interests of the city in which he has lived so long, and in seasonable words, whenever moral questions and civil affairs became vitally involved with each other and seasonable words were needed. And beyond this, and more influential still, has been his position as a man. However short of the standard of his own conscience a man may fall in his own life, there is a strong and sweet influence in a life that is wholly

honest and upright. Such a life is more eloquent than sermon, more convincing than reasoning, more influential than precept. And such a life is that of Rev. Dr. Street for all of these twenty-five years. Even he cannot begin to appreciate how vast is its general influence, or how closely it affects individuals who need just such a standard to endeavor to live up to. Dr. Street has a rare faculty of impressing himself on others without seeming effort, and perhaps without his own knowledge. He has none of the chilling austerities of 'the cloth,' nor does he ever lose sight of that position which 'the cloth' must maintain or part with its best influence. As he himself put it, he has stood for his people 'in some sort as a link of connection with the invisible and eternal,' and like Goldsmith's village pastor—

'To them his heart, his hopes his fears were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.'

Rev. Dr. Street does not belong to his own parish alone—he belongs to Lowell; and we cannot forbear, so far as we can claim to represent the Lowell public, to add to the testimonials of last evening's celebration, the congratulations of the people in general at this happy event in his career. The city of his adoption is certainly the better for his having lived in it."

"I see myself now at the end of my journey, my toilsome days are ended. I am going now to see that head that was crowned with thorns, and that face that was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with him in whose company I delight myself. . . . . But glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instruments, to welcome the Pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the city."—*Bunyan.*

THE five remaining years of their lives were to Dr. and Mrs. Street, full of happy service. They realized in an increasing degree the momentous issues of those later years, but while their earnestness showed itself in "labors more abundant," the happy, even tenor of their lives continued the same. No hint that they were "nearing the bound of life" left its dark shadow upon the hearts that held them dear. They both felt the time to be approaching when they should retire from their ministerial work, and it was the occasion of much prayerful solicitude when and how it should be done. Their Master's work was dearer to their hearts than in bygone years, and they felt no abatement of mental vigor which should make the way clear to taking such a step as the resignation of their charge. They watched for all indications of Providence, that they might be guided aright. But none were vouchsafed to lead them to sever the connection with their people. On the other hand, the ties which bound them seemed to acquire renewed tender-

ness and strength. As Dr. Street expressed it in his anniversary sermon, "they were together as if dwelling in the same house, a harmonious and loving family." But this did not content the pastor and his wife. They longed for an ingathering to the church of all who were with them in Sabbath attendance,—an ingathering of the children to the fold of the Good Shepherd. This desire and petition was answered during the last year of their life. The Holy Spirit was poured out in answer to prayer. Dr. Street's sermons were charged with an unusual, quickening power, an insight into the great themes of Scripture, and a disclosure of them which pressed them home upon mind and conscience. He was much alone with his God and walked with him as did Enoch of old. Those who heard his Easter sermon "Whither goest Thou?" spoke of it as a revealing of the unseen by one who had been amid its realities. He himself said with quiet assurance on one of the last days of his life, "The unseen world is no new world to me,—I have been there." He loved to preach on the faith of Abraham, the awakening of Jacob, the love of Mary and "the unsearchable riches of Christ." But, although so much in Heaven, he kept a close companionship with his people, especially with the young,

to whom he delighted to unfold the wonderful secrets which Nature revealed to him, recorded in the rocks. But he gathered about him, from week to week, a company of more earnest inquirers, whom he instructed in the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. With all the earnestness and affection of his deep nature he led them on in these higher studies, and had the pleasure of welcoming many of them into the membership of his church before the close of his ministry. But not to him alone belongs this record of ingathering. Mrs. Street entered into the work with sympathetic zeal. Her prayers, always fervent and full of the inspiration of a childlike faith, were before the throne of grace day and night. She longed to see the salvation of the Lord in that community as she had not seen it before. She invited the ladies of the church to a weekly prayer meeting at her house, and these meetings were a source of great delight to her. An unusual tenderness was manifest in prayer and in all the exercises. The ladies took turns in presiding, and the themes chosen were such as pertained especially to the Christian life. The last prayer meeting in that home was held when the beloved pastor lay upon his sick-bed, too ill for his wife to leave him, except, as she wrote in one of her last letters,

to go down and open the meeting with prayer. Who can tell what ever widening circles of influence were set in motion there to go on eternally? As the winter wore away and spring drew near, Dr. Street became conscious that his strength was waning. He grew weary under the weekly demands of pulpit and parish. Each Sabbath he summoned all his powers to the effort of the morning preaching service and the evening meeting, and when the labors of the day were over, he felt that there was little strength remaining. But his hopeful spirit saw no reason in this for special solicitude. It was often the case that the steady strain to which he was subjected by the winter's work, brought a condition of prostrate nerves and bodily weakness from which he had rallied hitherto. Mrs. Street shared his hopefulness, and they looked forward to the respite and change of a little visit to their daughter's home in Amherst. An exchange of pulpits was arranged, and they went to Amherst the week before the last Sabbath in April. That last visit, so precious to us all, was full of happy plans for the summer vacation when we expected to be together as in former years. The hours were crowded with talk, mirthful and serious, the children sharing in the happiness

of the long anticipated visit. But a shadow followed the footsteps of the dear father, unobserved save by the watchful eyes of one. Her mother saw it not; and, when at last, after listening to the sermon which he had so lately prepared, "Whither goest Thou?" the pent-up anxiety could no longer be restrained, she confided her forebodings to the mother-heart which shared all her griefs, she found no response to her anxieties. Comforting assurances in a measure quieted her apprehensions. "But even if it should be as you say," said the mother, "is it not well to die in the harness? Who knows but we may go together?" This prophetic sentence was all unheeded—recalled only afterward—as the disciples remembered the words of their Master when he was taken from them. The short week passed and our loved ones returned home—"so much better," said the dear mother—"your father will soon be as well as ever." With hands filled with flowers we saw them "go off blooming" as she gaily remarked on entering the train which bore them away from us.

One more Sabbath of earthly labor and privilege, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered for the last time, a few more days of study in the upper room among his books

and papers,—and the pastor's work on earth was done. He had written the formal resignation of his charge and this was his last labor. He had determined upon this step some time before, and now he was ready for it. What it cost him to write the words which were to sever his pastoral connection with the people of his love, among whom he had dwelt these thirty years, was known to no one except to her who had shared his labors, his cares, his griefs and his joys. It was done,—copied in his clear, legible hand, folded and laid away in the expectation of his reading it the second Sabbath following. The next Friday he was seized with an acute attack of indigestion, which was followed by a chill and fever. Although unable to perform his pulpit duties on Sunday, he did not yield to the illness until Monday. It was the first time he had been confined to his bed for twenty years. But, even now, no premonition of the result came to either him or Mrs. Street. The burning fever distressed her when alone with him the first two nights, but when their daughter came soon after, she found them both quiet and cheerful. No fears gained expression. The perfect tranquility of the beloved one disarmed our apprehensions. Too weak to speak much, he could yet tell of the delight-

ful experiences that visited him. "I have had such happy dreams," he said. "I seemed to be borne upward by some beings far above the earth. At length they stopped, and one said, 'You must rest here until you see the beautiful chariot of the King.'" "And did you see it, Father?" "Only a glimpse of its glory, and the dream was over." Again he told, and again repeated with great delight how his thirst was quenched at such springs of water flowing forth from the rock in bright, cool streams, as he had never seen before.

His illness up to the second week had shown no alarming symptoms, but suddenly with the abatement of the fever, the heart appeared to fail. From that time, although the trouble seemed to be overcome, our minds alternated between hope and fear. The closest vigilance was exercised, and Mrs. Street could not be persuaded to leave her post to get the needful sleep. Night and day she watched beside her husband, with the children who had come to share her care. Hope was fast fading from our hearts, but we could not give him up. One night he seemed to be very near the borders of tho unseen. We gathered in prayer at his bedside. Never shall we forget our mother's last uttered prayer. She talked with her Father in

Heaven, as Jacob wrestled with the angel, but in tones of assurance. "Did I not hear thy promise, 'Thy servant shall be healed'?" Not until afterward did she and we understand the import of those words from Heaven. The last prayer, in weak but distinct utterance, came from the beloved father. "Thy will be done." That night, with its anguish and heart sinking, was too heavy a weight upon our mother's stricken heart. The exposure to the chill night air, which was required by the sufferer to breathe, together with the consuming anxiety, caused her to droop, and she was no longer able to rise from her bed. But she relaxed none of her cares while thus laid aside. She followed her husband through all the stages of his disease, giving counsel to those who nursed him, and directing the affairs of the household. Her illness took on no alarming symptoms for days following. Meanwhile we watched, not without hope, by out father's bedside. He was too weak to speak often, but, at one time, called his son-in-law to him, desiring to add one sentence to the paper of resignation. This he dictated in just the words he wished to be used, as follows: "Among the days to be chosen for the important announcement that may lead to the close of my pastorate, there is an obvious

fitness in the anniversary of that day that led on to its establishment. That day has now arrived." It was the 18th of May, and we understood him to mean that this was the anniversary of his first preaching in Lowell. Not until the day before his departure did we feel that he was indeed about to leave us. Once he had asked for his wife, and she was brought in and sat beside him for a few moments. He had become so feeble that his mind seemed bewildered at times. He wanted to be sure that he was at home and in his own room, and he wanted her testimony. On Thursday the disease changed its form, and it became evident that he was soon to depart. Then his wife became aware, as if it had been told her by a voice unheard by us, that he was going. She wished to see him, and also to walk from her room into his, which she had not done before. But with a supreme effort she carried out her desire, supported by tender hands. She sat on the bed beside her beloved husband and they spoke their last words to each other here,—but they were not words of farewell. "You are going a little before me," she said, with love in her eyes and in her sweet, natural tone. "I had not thought I should," was the wondering reply. "Yes, you are going. If you will wait

two or three days I will go with you." Her face was toward the window, and raising her eyes she caught a glimpse of the fresh young foliage of spring on the trees. She had not looked out before since the leaves had started. She threw up her hand, exclaiming "Oh!" "What is it, Mother?" "The leaves," she said, with delight. Then, turning again to Father,—"Yes, we're going, and we will have our little home over there. We have thought about the little home we should have, and we couldn't decide where we would make it, and now God has made one for us among the many mansions. 'In my Father's house are many mansions.'" He assented with cheerful face and utterance, but could not speak much. She continued, "I've been sick. Haven't you missed me?" He looked surprised and shook his head. "I've been sick two weeks." (She thought it longer than it was.) "Look in my face and see how thin I've grown." He seemed to understand it all, now, and said "I see." "Have you a message?" she asked. "I shall have," he replied with much resolution. Their faces wore a happy, beautiful expression as she continued beside him, and he seemed to realize that it was to be as she said, and to be happy in the thought. As he showed signs of weari-

ness she rose. "I must go now. Good-bye. I will come again." She kissed him and walked to the other side of the bed, smiling upon him reassuringly,—then walked back to her own room, where we laid her down again wholly spent from the effort she had made. How did she know that she was going? We could not believe her words. But she had heard the voice of her Lord, and like Mary of old, "she rose up quickly and gladly went out to meet him." Quietly she slept that night; we vainly thought it would rest her. When morning dawned she still was sleeping. When she awoke she could not speak to us. Her longing eyes followed in mute appeal, and the voice in the other room called for her. She was tenderly carried, on her small mattrass, and laid beside him. They looked in each other's faces, smiled and clasped hands. Neither could speak. Again, and for the last time, she was borne to her own room. Her last desire was gratified. No wish found expression now. She smiled all day upon us, holding sweet roses in her hand,—then passed into unconsciousness.

All day the other beloved one lay quiet and made no sign, except in mute recognition, or with assent in his eye, to the inquiries for a last message to those he was leaving behind. As

the evening drew on, his daughter, in her longing to go with him to the verge of Jordan, bethought her of his favorite song, "Lo! what a glorious sight appears." The whole hymn, five verses, was sung. "Do you recognize old Northfield, Father?" A distinct murmur of assent was the reply. Soon the church bell rang for the weekly evening prayer meeting. Again there was a mute sign of recognition and his spirit fled from its tabernacle and soared upward.

Three days of agonized watching by the unconscious form of our precious mother. Quietly as a child she breathed in the last earthly slumber, fading like a flower from day to day. Monday, the last golden gleam of the setting sun shed its glory on the beloved brow, and with a sigh of relief her waiting spirit burst its bonds. The glory lingered on her brow half an hour. She had gone, hand in hand with him she loved, within the gates of pearl.

"Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them and, behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord.' And after that they shut up the gates; which when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

A death so rare, so solemn and so beautiful could not but touch every heart. The pathetic story was on every tongue. Side by side they were placed before the altar of their church, surrounded by the people for whose sake they had toiled and prayed for thirty checkered and eventful years. Side by side, by tender and reverent hands, they were laid in one grave in that silent city of the dead where sleep so many of their friends whom they had loved so well in life. None who looked upon their faces as they lay awaiting their burial, can ever forget their solemn beauty, or that ineffable serenity of aspect, which spoke of a "peace that passeth understanding," and which seemed to reflect as from the invisible world, the saintly repose of one who "had entered into his rest." It was "the rest that remaineth to the people of God," which nothing can break or disturb till the dawn of that great day when the saints of God shall gather around his throne.

Memorial Addresses.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

ADDRESS OF REV. H. T. ROSE.

Members of High Street Church, Brethren and Friends: On this heavy and solemn day it had been more to my mind could I have sat with you, silent and in grief, mourning our common loss. But I cannot refuse the request which has come to me with authority, to take part in these ceremonies.

I have been asked to apeak of the scholarly qualities of Dr. Street, and, if I do so, it is not with insensibility to the unusual and pathetic fact which makes this a day of double mourning. But I am hindered from making reference to this remarkable circumstance because one's intellectual life is of necessity in a measure solitary. He does not divide his culture with another, as he does his heart.

Of Dr. Street's characteristics of temper and spirit, of the more spiritual and tender side of his nature others are to speak. And this is fitting, because I speak of him only as one who has known him but a little while. But a little

while was long enough for one to learn that he was a man of no common culture. He was not a man to show you all his heart at once. Not that he was distant and haughty, but he was of great humility and did not seek to declare himself. A stranger, therefore, did not see at once the richer side of his nature. But what a stranger could not help seeing was the fact of his rare intellectual endowments. On such a day as this we may be reminded of what was said of one of the great men of letters in England, that a stranger could not stand with him under an archway during a shower without being conscious that he had been in contact with a remarkable man. Dr. Street never made any show of culture. Yet, breathing the atmosphere of letters, he bore with him, as does every man, the air he breathed. No one would mistake him for a man unread. He had the bearing of the scholar, one who is most at home in "the still air of delightful studies."

His sympathy was with every branch of thought and all forms of truth. He was devoted to the ancient classics, to the most modern scientific subjects and modes of thought. In him was a perfect harmony of the old and new learning, as there was in his mind an untroubled agreement of science and religion.

Some of the brethren of our own and other denominations, who were present at the last ministers' meeting he attended, will recall an illustration of this. He brought in the April number of the Century Magazine, and spoke with some of us, with evident delight, of the result of recent researches in Egypt, of which account was given in two articles in that magazine. In a few moments the discussion was upon the meaning of a certain Greek adjective which occurs in the Book of Revelation. And without the Greek text at hand he spoke with all familiarity of the usage of the word in that place and in other places.

No one can have lived long in Lowell without hearing of Dr. Street's interest in geology. His fascination in this and kindred sciences was intense. In short railway journeys on professional errands in this vicinity, he has often pointed out to me, through the car windows, the signs of change in rocks or surfaces, wrought by water or other force. Those of us who heard the sermon he preached not long since at the united service at the Eliot church on "The earth given to man," will not soon forget its wealth and freshness of illustration and historical and scientific allusion. On all these matters Dr. Street spoke in public and in private

intercourse with the familiarity of one who had pursued them for years with more than the interest of mere curiosity, that is with the enthusiasm of love.

But doubtless his more beloved realm was the region of classic literature and philosophy. Here his attainments were very remarkable. He left college with a high rank in these departments. He taught afterwards in these branches with much contentment. For a dozen years or more he was president of the Plato Club of this city, whose reading covered selections from a large number of the writers of the classic period, from tragedians, moralists, poets, and other philosophers, besides him whose name it bears. Of this class he was always the leading spirit, though in the meetings characteristically quiet and unassuming. He was the more interested in these matters because of their relations with the language and morals of the New Testament.

In that happy morning hour which the Andover association has so long devoted to the study of Romans, Dr. Street was the acknowledged teacher, whoever was nominally the leader. Among his many published articles, I recall one on a debated passage of the New Testament, which I read with great delight

and an admiring sense of illumination. Dr. Street was no mere technicalist or grammarian. It was the happy fortune of some Andover students to have had the benefit of his teaching during the failure of the regular instruction in the New Testament Greek.

If not as well known, Dr. Street's contributions to Hebrew study were very valuable. He was a member of a local Hebrew club, and part of his work has been given enduring and worthy form in a commentary on the book of Esther prepared by the club.

In speaking of these things I do not intend to rehearse the achievements of our brother in the department of letters, for much of the service of this kind he has done, was rendered before my personal acquaintance with him began, and I say these things by report. But I seek to indicate the wide range of his acquirements. It were not true, however, to conclude that this breadth was secured at the cost of thoroughness of culture. On the contrary, his learning rested on a substantial basis. He was too honest to slight his work, too sincere to pretend in anything. It was his habit to utter only fully formed convictions. If on any subject he had not made up his mind, he could wait before he spoke. He was a scholar not by

accident, but by heredity and destiny. He was born to these pursuits. His training in youth was as thorough as the times offered. He was a conscientious student from the beginning. He put work to his tasks. His learning was not superficial or showy. He went to the roots of things, and, if not to the end of the roots, it was because the roots of things have no end. But he was impatient of impatience in study, and intolerant of pretence.

He was himself one of the most unpretending men. He never boasted of any of his work. He let another take the honor. He was not after applause. He courted affection but not fame. He did not seek a reputation for learning. If his sermons were those of a scholar it was because a scholar made them. But no one could look into his face and suspect him of artifice, so gentle he was, so courteous in bearing, so refined in manner. A gentleman by instinct, touched and adorned with culture.

Above all, he was a man sincerely religious, and his attainments were all devoted to the service of the faith. All his classical and scientific studies led him into reverence and belief. On his books lay the shadow of the cross. One had discovered him to be a thinker as soon as he spoke, and he had hardly discovered

him to be a thinker, before he knew him to be a Christian as well. He was a scholar, and that meant for him that he was a teacher. He found the truth everywhere filled with God, and spoke it thus again. Those, who for so many years have been privileged to have him for a pastor, have ever found his intellect glowing with love and Christian feeling. We have lost a beloved teacher, a man of rare attainments, sweet character and good name. A revered, consecrated, gracious spirit, he has doubtless found a welcome where he has gone, as a man greatly beloved.

ADDRESS OF REV. SMITH BAKER.

The family, the church, the ministry and the city are all mourners at the death of Dr. Street. However much we admire his culture, that which still more impresses us, is the completeness of his manhood. His rounded character, which in its dignity grew more beautiful as the years passed away, has made the deepest impression upon this community and, because of it, he will be longest remembered. Few men are so endowed by nature, or cultured by grace, with such a blending of virtues. He had not a few strong points and many weak ones, or a few

weak ones, and many strong ones, but an evenness of nature which, like the the onward flow of an ocean-bound river, grew wider, deeper and stronger the longer he lived.

Sometimes it seemed to us he was not troubled with contending passions as other men are, but those who knew him best saw that the calm dignity of his life was not the absence of strong feeling, but the power of a firm, spiritualized will. This decision of character was seen not only in an almost perfect self-control, but in an unyielding fidelity to his convictions upon all questions of belief and duty. He was a conscientious man not only in the common questions of morality, but in the higher realms of thought and in the small and delicate relations of social life. He was the same man in all places and at all times, in the reception of friends at home, in his relations with his brethren of the ministry, in occasions of social gathering, among men in the discussion of questions of national interest, and in the private and public ministrations of his office as a preacher.

With all this calm, firm dignity of manner and character, there was a tenderness of heart and grace of manner which was the charm of his intercourse with men. Without sternness or coldness, there was a gentle nobleness which

won both love and respect. He was so firm, so kind, so cautious, so sincere, so real, so tender, so pure, so wise and so spiritual, that in the thought of the community he became the ideal "Christian gentleman." To those of us who knew him, he seemed the Ten Commandments and the Beautitudes incarnate. His life was a living sermon, which, like the harmony of great music, grew deeper and sweeter unto the end. His silent presence was a constant humiliation to those living in sin and an inspiration to those seeking God. The frequent words heard from the people during the past few days are more eloquent than any that I can speak; such as "He was a good man," "He was a real man," "He was a true man," "He was gold all the way through," "He was a saint." Such the eulogy which his own life wrote upon the hearts of the community in which he lived.

But this man had more than the worth of a rounded private character, other than superior excellence in the profession which he adorned; he was in the best manner a Christian citizen, a man among men, not in the light and trifling sense of merely social life, but in the true, broad and high meaning of intelligent, active participation in whatever pertained to the commercial, social, educational and moral, as well as spiritual interests of the city and state.

More than most men of his profession he was a careful reader and observer of present history. He was a student of events as well as of ideas. Our mills, our banks, our stores and the daily toil of men had his thoughts, his sympathy and attention. I need not say that everything which pertained to the educational interests of the people, from the lowest and humblest beginnings out and up into every department of pure and high culture, had a warm, generous place in his heart and toil.

His services in connection with our public schools will long be remembered as among the most faithful, progressive, wise and useful with which the city has ever been honored. But more still in his unofficial capacity has he done as much, if not more than any other one citizen to awaken and encourage mental culture among the people. There are many young men and young women, some of them here this afternoon, who shed their tears of affection and gratitude at the remembrance of the sympathetic helpfulness which came from him in their struggles for greater intelligence and a higher education. Doubtless the much larger and most useful part of his work in this direction was done through the inspiration of his private personal sympathies. As a citizen, in the reforms of social life,

no man's position was purer, broader, stronger. Cautious and thoughtful, he never went so far as to injure his influence, on the one hand, and never permittted a doubt as to what his convictions were, on the other hand. Calmly, clearly and fearlessly, he made himself and his pulpit a living, burning protest against financial and political dishonesty, against intemperance and all associated vices. It is no disparagement to the words or works of others to say that the boldest, completest arguments upon the temperance question which this city has known were spoken by his lips from this desk. Such the calmness, clearness, thoroughness and intensity of his utterances, that, when they did not change men, they educated and awakened thought. Thus, though never a fanatic, and never timidly following in the rear of progression, he independently, intelligently and fearlessly, asserted his opinions and claimed his rights as a man, a citizen and a servant of God.

As a preacher, both his scholarship and his character revealed themselves, of which no greater evidence is needed than the fact of a thirty years' pastorate in a pulpit like this. His sermons were like himself, accurate, sincere, tender and humble. He treated the Bible as

the Word of God, with reverence, love and faith. He honored the pulpit with the results of an industrious brain and a believing heart.

But there are many this afternoon who think principally of him as friend and pastor. He was neither cold and distant, on the one hand, nor demonstrative, on the other, but artless, loving and true. The more you saw of his heart, the larger and warmer you found it to be. A man of keenest professional honor, who never betrayed a friend or wronged a foe, gentle in his criticisms and differing from you so kindly that if possible you loved him all the more, he was a born peace-maker. It seemed to be one of the studies of life how to be at peace with all men. Not that there was any foolish seeking of favor with men, his Puritan character was free from the least of that, but he had such a delicate sense of propriety in all things that it seemed impossible for him to be rude in deed, word or manner. He was a true, affectionate and wise brother and father in the ministry, never intruding into another's work, but, with an open heart for another's sorrows, a charity for another's mistakes, an appreciation for another's merits and a congratulation for another's successes, he was a delightful, helpful colleague.

As a pastor, his example was faultless, his words wise, his sympathies warm. He loved his people. To have lived after his resignation would have been a constant sorrow. He was sensitive to their loyalty and their attentions, and their trials burdened him. Many of them never knew what a wealth of affection they possessed in him until trouble came to their homes, and then they discovered the fountain of sympathy which overflowed in his heart. His presence at the bedside of the dying, in homes of sorrow and from house to house was a living benediction.

How few who greeted him thirty years ago are here to-day to weep at his departure! Many of them who loved him with a deep, strong affection, went before him into the eternal home and are greeting him now. Many of those who remain are just beginning to realize how much they loved him, and, as the flowers bloom upon his grave, affectionate memories will grow deeper and sweeter.

Of what he was in the sacredness of the home, as husband and father, I will not presume to speak, but we know that the same affectionate, spiritual benignity characterized him there as elsewhere.

Not only the family who loved, revered and honored him as a father, not only we who loved him personally as a brother and father in the sacred office of the ministry, not only this church to whom he ministered so long and faithfully, but this city can ill afford to lose so affectionate a father, so true a preacher, so wise a pastor, so noble a man, so complete a citizen, so rounded a Christian. How great his life rises before us, broad in culture, deep in sympathy, strong in conviction, active in usefulness, sweet in spirit and ripe in years!

Thus we lay our wreaths upon his grave and look for the last time upon his visible face, but there will ever be in our memories the picture of the man of God, who had fought the good fight, gained the victory and received his crown full of stars, and, as we weep over his face, we can only say, "O my father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. J. M. GREENE.

There are times when silence is more eloquent than words, and tears are the best utterance of the heart. Were I to follow the impulse of my feelings, I should sit down in this place so sacred to the memory of the dear ones whose remains lie before us, and utter not a word. I feel as the Psalmist did when he said, "I was dumb; I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it." Yes, God, our all-loving Heavenly Father, has done this, and we should not only be submissive, but even praise his holy name.

The part assigned me in these solemn services—services in which God speaks much louder than man—is the delicate one of instancing some of the characteristic traits of her who, for more than forty-five years, was the beloved wife and faithful helper of the good and strong man who has fallen in our city.

It is of her life here that I would particularly speak. It is a rare combination of qualities which make up the successful minister's wife. I verily believe that, difficult as is the minister's position, the minister's wife holds a more difficult one. Consequently, greater is the honor if a sensitive woman can take that office, perform its duties faithfully, and yet win and hold the

love, esteem and confidence of a large church and people.

A commendable trait in Mrs. Street's character was her childlike faith. This was prominent and beautiful. She believed that the Spirit of God suggested to her mind divine promises suited to occasions of trial and perplexity, and she rested on such promises with the implicit confidence of a litttle child in the word of a father. Her faith was simple, unmixed with fear or doubt, and carried with it her whole soul. God was not to her a Being afar off, but he was ever "a very present help," ready to guide, strengthen and comfort.

Yet there was nothing extravagant or vagarious about her faith. It led her into no conceits, no disparagement of the use of means, no spiritual pride. It was such a faith as we all ought to have, and should have if we walked with God as closely as she did.

The Bible was a great delight to her. It was a storehouse of God's promises, and she went there for food to satisfy her hungry soul. There was no book of devotion which was so precious to her as the Bible. She once said to me, "I used to read Thomas à Kempis's Imitation of Christ, Edwards on the Affections, and other such books; but I have come

now to read almost wholly my Bible. There I get the gold without any alloy." That is a good thought and it discloses both the depth and strength of her faith and the maturity of her Christian experience.

She was a prayerful woman. To her prayer was not a ceremony, a repetition of words, but a communion and fellowship of her soul with the great and living God. Her spirit met the Infinite Spirit as a person and talked with him. She knew how to carry her burdens to the Lord in prayer and receive from him that strength and encouragement which can come only from above. I asked Dr. Street once from what earthly sources he derived the most encouragement in his ministerial work. He replied, "From my wife's prayers; she prays as if she was personally acquainted with God. Her prayers have cheered and inspired my soul many a time." That is a noble testimony for a man of rare faith himself to give. He could teach her many things which he had read in learned tomes, or which he had himself with keen eyes deciphered on the scroll of nature, or had forged out on his great anvil of thought; but he was a willing pupil at her feet in simple faith and in soul-communing prayer.

She believed in social prayer. She was instrumental in the establishment of the ladies' weekly prayer meeting at the parsonage, two years ago, which was well attended and doubtless contributed much to the bringing of the great spiritual harvest among the young which has of late filled your hearts with so much gladness. She was the life of that meeting, I am told. Surely nothing could be so pleasing to her, now in the world of light and glory, as to know that her dear co-workers in that praying circle are continuing a means of grace which has borne such precious fruit. She was also early the prime mover in a young ladies' prayer meeting among you, and in a mothers' meeting, both of which were continued till the fatal illness of her husband and her own illness three weeks ago discontinued them.

Intimately connected with this, also, was her work in the Sunday school. Very soon after she came to you, she collected a class of young women, non-church-goers, into a Sunday school class, and had continued as the teacher of it for almost thirty years. It has changed much as the population of the city has changed. The last four years it has consisted more of adult Christian women who have loved to listen to her wise explanations of the word of God be-

cause they were helped by them. No one here can tell how many scores of women during the thirty years have been her pupils in these classes and have been made wiser, holier and happier by her instructions.

Her sympathy with the sick, the sorrowing and the poor, was another marked trait in Mrs. Street's character. She has been into your homes, when affliction has entered, as a sweet angel from above and comforted you by her presence as well as by her words. When she could not visit you in person you have received a kind note assuring you of her love, her sympathy and prayers. Her heart was large enough to take in all her dear people. No one was so poor as to be neglected by her; no one so rich as not to need the consolations which she could give. She has been among you as a ministering spirit from the very throne of God. She has loved this church and its people. She has given her whole heart to you; yes, her whole life to you.

But time will not allow me to say all that I might with regard to her who for thirty years has been your friend and helper, as a faithful pastor's wife.

I might say that as a mother she has been as faithful and true as she was in her more public

duties. She has cared well for her children. They to-day "rise up and call her blessed." She instructed them, guided them, and has been a safe example for them to follow. She has not neglected her home for public duties, but, by the grace and strength given her, she has cared for her home, and the parish too.

She had courage enough to supply the general of an army. Whatever was duty must be grappled with and carried through to the end. She had no sympathy with whining or with cowardice in any of its forms. She was full of buoyancy and hope herself, because she had great faith in God, and she did much to inspire others with the same.

This is the first day of June. Just one month ago, May 1st, our dear brother stood in this place and preached a sermon, and his dear wife, our sister, sat in the pew and heard it. What a change in one short month! Yet how beautiful the thought that these two faithful servants of the Lord have entered their heavenly rest so near together! Together they have borne the cross here, together they wear the crown and walk on the banks of the river of the water of life there.

FROM A MEMORIAL SERMON BY REV. DR. J. M. GREENE,

No one could have seen Dr. Street, only for a short time, without being made to feel that he was a very king among men in the spirit which reigned in his breast. He harbored ill-will towards no one. Another's success kindled in his heart only feelings of joy. Humility shone like a diamond in the forefront of his virtues. He was simple as a child, and as honest as truth itself. There was no guile in his spirit, no duplicity in his word or manner. He was courteous, without insincerity. He was frank, without bluntness. For truth's sake he might oppose you, yet his opposition never wounded. There was such a fire of love burning in his soul that his words, deeds, spirit, manner were all aglow with genuine goodwill. This excellence of spirit appeared in everything. It caused Dr. Street to be a true friend. He never betrayed confidence put in him, he never, for selfish ends, misled you by his advice. When you had won his esteem and affection, he was as loyal to you as the needle to the pole. You saw it and felt it also in his sermons and addresses, in his prayers and conversations,

and in his letters and attacks upon vice, crime and sin. He spoke plainly, but kindly; forcibly, but advisedly; with determination, but without anger or malice. He was a man of decided Christian character. He had the courage of his convictions. You knew where he stood on great and important questions. If you had a keen sense of right and wrong, you could tell beforehand on which side of a matter you would find him. The cause of education found in him a staunch friend. He gave his time for eight years to the duties of the school committee in this city, and no more helpful member was ever on the board. He encouraged the enlargement and the free use of the city library, for it is a means of educating the people. He attended a session of the summer classes at Chautauqua, and returned to this city and established here those literary and scientific circles, people's colleges, which have been such a blessing to a large number of young men and young women. He taught Greek to private pupils and to public classes, free of charge. He organized clubs of learned men and women, and presided over them with the dignity and erudition of a college president, and thus taught the teachers of the city. He was born to be a teacher, and he would use his gift in any place

where he could by intelligence cure the disease of ignorance. He prepared lectures and read them as occasion offered; or he would, on matters of science, talk, illustrating his remarks by specimens of his own collecting. And he never failed to interest and instruct his hearers.

Parallel with this, was his interest in the moral, social and political interests of our city. The cause of temperance found in him one of its warmest friends and boldest advocates. He was always ready with a red-hot shot to fire into the camp of the advocates of the saloon, of license, or of the liquor traffic in any form. No one struck harder blows, nor more of them, than he, on the head of the monster Rum. One of Dr. Street's college classmates, Rev. L. Smith Hobart, of Springfield, Mass., writes me: "I remember his inviting me while we were in college to go over to East Haven, and deliver an address on temperance to the young people of the village. When we reached there in the early evening, a large audience was gathered, through his efforts, to hear. This was a sample of his ways of doing good." It is evident from this that the subject of temperance, early in life, engaged the attention and enlisted the services of this friend of the people.

His voice was equally loud and clear in behalf of a holy Sabbath. He ever claimed that the Lord's day should be kept sacred for rest and worship, and be freed from the desecration of needless toil and dissipating sports. He spoke out plainly, also, for purity of life, for honesty in business, and for integrity of character everywhere. He went to the polls and voted for all the officers of the city, state and nation, as he thought that every good citizen should. He felt a deep interest in the poor and unfortunate classes, and devised plans for their improvement and elevation.

To Dr. Street and Judge Nathan Crosby belongs the honor of founding the French Protestant church in this city. They were the prime movers in it, and they stood by the enterprise in its times of peril, and guided it on to a permanent establishment. The French Protestant college also lay near his heart, because it will help the class that need help. He was an instructive preacher. His distinctive work was that of a preacher of the gospel. He drew around him an intelligent congregation, and trained them up in the knowledge of God. All truth was germane in his work. Nature was only another Bible in his hands.

His style in writing was clear as crystal. You never were left in doubt as to his meaning. His words were always apt and elegant; his expressions tender, yet forcible. He wrote new sermons to the last. And his sermons improved every year in freshness and vigor of thought. Highly cultured himself, he did not lose at all his sympathy with the uncultured. He could go into the home where plenty reigned and talk to the edification of scholars, scientists, artists; and make himself just as agreeable the next hour in a home without carpet on the floor, with no pictures on the walls, and only broken English as the vehicle of thought. The poor people of his parish and of the city loved him dearly, because he sympathized with them and helped them in their work and homes. This ought to be noted, for not a few say in these days that the pastoral part of the minister's office is dead, it does not pay, it cannot be successfully performed. But it was a mighty power for good in the hands of Dr. Street. He could talk religious truth persuasively as well as preach it. He could tell the story of the cross at the bedside of the dying as effectively as in the pulpit. His life and character spoke as loudly as his words. He won the hearts of the children as he met them on the street, his

very countenance was a gospel, his courteous and gentlemanly manner a benediction. His scholarly influence upon the community was marked. He did much to elevate the tone of the pulpit, and to hold the respect and esteem of men of learning and culture for the church. I have often heard him say: "If we can carry fifty men, the best thinkers of the city, for Christ, or for any good cause, we have carried the city." Doubtless that is true; and we may sometimes be too eager to save the masses, while we neglect the men who control the masses.

I ought to add that his scholarship was taken note of by other scholars. In 1882, both his *alma mater*, Yale College, and Bates College conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

In conclusion, I will say that Dr. Street was fortunate in his helpers. He had rare workers in his church and parish. Such men as Judge Nathan Crosby, John K. Chase, Elijah M. Read, and doubtless others, besides many devout and honorable women, contributed not a little to the success and happiness of his ministry. No doubt a faithful minister does much to mould and inspire his co-workers. In a large degree he makes his own environment. Yet it is true that

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will."

Evidently there was a Divine hand which united this pastor and people, and a Divine wisdom which so guided them that, for the long term of thirty years, they wrought together in harmony and grew all the time in grace and in the knowledge of God.

FROM A SERMON BY REV. DR. COURT.

For those who have worked will come at last the sweet sleep that fills the weary soul with the Sabbatic rest of a blissful eternity. Into that rest has entered one with whom I have enjoyed much pleasant, edifying and instructive communion—my friend and counsellor, the Rev. Dr. Owen Street. Very delightful are my recollections of him. He was one of the first to exchange pulpits with me when I came here, now more than thirteen years ago. For several years I saw him and enjoyed his society every Monday evening, for about two-thirds of the year, at the meetings of the Plato Club; and there I had an opportunity of studying, appreciating and admiring his many excellent qualities of both heart and head. It was an education in man-

ners and in learning to have the privilege of taking part in a club which, under his presidency, read and conversed on the chief dialogues of Plato, the chief dramas of Sophocles and Euripides, the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, the History of Philosophy, ancient and modern, by Schwegler, and the medieval Divina Commedia of Dante, as was done in the Plato Club while he was over it. Any new light on a word, a doctrine, or a philosophical principle he was always ready to welcome.

The last public occasion on which I met Dr. Street—the last time I saw him living—was at the Ministers' meeting in May. The conversation turned on the meaning of certain Greek terms, when the good doctor quietly unfolded a portion of his stores of learning to illuminate the word of God. A brother said in reference to some of Dr. Street's statements, "But I don't know that that is so." Another said, "At least you know that that is Dr. Street's opinion." "Yes," said a third, "and that is much, for Dr. Street's opinion of any Greek word is worth knowing." Afterwards, in reply to an objection, he spoke of the bridge at Auburndale, of the molecular cohesion of metals, tried by unremitting tension, as yielding to a sudden strain, whereas had rest been given, the cohesion

would have come back so as to resist the strain. Here he unconsciously revealed his interest in molecular physics.

This reminds me of another occasion when I went with the doctor, about twelve years ago, to address a religious meeting under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., in a neighboring village. I remember how Dr. Street, speaking on work as a duty, brought in analogies from insects, birds and beasts, from the forces of nature and from the planets and suns in the universe, with a wondrous wealth of allusion for so humble an occasion.

The Courier mentioned on Saturday in its *eloge* on Dr. Street that he was a more remarkable man than either his church or the community knew. This witness is true. His spotless life, his inflexible adherence to moral principle, his love of truth, his devotion to the Savior, are his legacy to us, his friends, brethren and fellow citizens.

FROM A SERMON BY REV. J. L. SEWARD.

"In the dignity of his character, in his devotion to duty, in the sincerity of his convictions, in his exemplary life, in his humility and simplicity, in the purity of his thoughts and acts, in all these respects, he as nearly typified true saintliness as we could ever expect to see it manifested. In the interest which he felt in the intellectual and moral advancement of the young people of his charge, as instanced in the Chautauqua circle; in his love of nature, which enabled him to read the revelations which God has made in the rocks and the hills, and in the plants and insects; in his admiration for classical and philological pursuits, as evidenced by his Greek classes and Hebrew studies; in his knowledge of literature; in his impartiality, which was often noted in that literary club, whose readings took a wide range, introducing many shades of religious thought, and whose members represented widely varying religious sentiments, where his decisions were uniformly just, as its presiding officer; in all these different phases of his character, we can but admire the completeness of the man and the uprightness and integrity which marked his steps.

I cannot pass by his uniform kindness to other clergymen of the city; a kindness which I have often felt, and now, and in this place, most gratefully acknowledge. A life of a half century of pastoral labors, and nearly thirty of these years devoted to a single charge, must have made a noble and lasting impression.

As his life had been a fitting type of saintliness of manhood, so the dear companion who had blessed him in his earthly labor, and who, even in death, was permitted to bear him company, represents that womanly consecration to truth and duty and religion, which constitutes true saintliness of womanhood."

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

The Plato Club, of which Dr. Street was president for nine consecutive years, adopted the following resolutions at a meeting held May 30:

WHEREAS, the late Reverend Owen Street, D. D., was president of the Lowell Plato Club, from its commencement through all the years of its existence; and whereas, during his presidency, the club at their Monday evening symposia, read and conversed upon the best productions of ancient literature and philosophy; and whereas the club has, in Dr. Street's death, lost its honored and revered president; therefore it has passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, that the members of the Plato Club express their sense of the great loss Lowell has suffered by the death of so good a man, so excellent a scholar, so dignified a gentleman, so public spirited a citizen, and so sincere a Christian as Dr. Street showed himself to be in all the walks of life and society.

Resolved, that we cease not to remember Dr. Street's many distinguished qualifications for being the leader of a culture club like ours—his wide and varied erudition, his exact philological scholarship, his fine literary and æsthetic

tastes, his love of exact truth, and his readiness to receive as well as to impart light in learning, science and philosophy, at all times.

Resolved, that we testify to his mild and urbane manners, his sweet disposition, his equable temper, the justice of his decisions, the uniform desire that he showed to promote the ends for which the club was instituted, so that every one of us felt that, as long as we had him for a guide, philosopher and friend, its meetings would be decorous and harmonious, love not being broken by diversity of opinion, so that it would always be worthy of its name.

Resolved, that we testify our appreciation of his spotless life, his lofty sense of right, his loving heart, his gentle spirit, and his persuasive voice and helping hand, ready for every good and noble cause.

Resolved, that we sympathize with the family of our departed friend, in the double visitation that has afflicted it, and trust that the hope of a blessed immortality and the love and reverence of the entire community toward our late president's memory may mitigate the great woe laid upon his surviving relatives, and help them, even amid their sorrow, to rejoice in the rounded fullness of so fair a life before God and man.

Resolved, that these resolutions be inscribed in the minutes of the club, that a copy be sent to the afflicted family, and that they be sent to the local journals for publication.

The Corporation of the French Protestant College at the annual meeting, June 6, adopted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, since the last meeting of this board, its senior member, the Rev. Owen Street, D. D., has been called from us by death; and whereas, he was not only one of the original members of this corporation, but one of the first to conceive of the importance of this college and to suggest and aid in its institution; and because his thought, his time, his influence and his prayers were freely and zealously given to its advancement; therefore

Resolved, that we place upon record this expression of our sense of the great loss which has come to the college by his departure, and also our appreciation of his broad culture, his superior judgment in all matters pertaining to education, his wise counsel in questions of government, and his intense devotion to its prosperity.

Resolved, also, that we wish to express our admiration and affection for him as a man, so constantly revealed in the Christian charity of his judgment, in the firmness of his convictions and the sweetness of his spirit, as seen upon all occasions.

Resolved, that we rejoice in the life he lived, the work he did, the honors conferred upon his name, and the great rewards which we have faith to believe he has entered into.

Resolved, that as a slight testimonial of our appreciation of his character and his work, we recommend that the first building erected for the use of our college be called Owen Street Hall.

The following minute was adopted by the Andover Association at its meeting in the chapel of Andover Theological Seminary June 7, 1887, in reference to the death of Rev. Owen Street, D. D., and that of his wife:

The Andover Association meeting on this beautiful June morning, in this familiar place, where our departed friend and brother has so often made us glad by his presence, desires to place upon its records its sense of the divine goodness in granting to him a long life of continued usefulness and honor extending beyond the allotted three score years and ten, and in permitting him to withdraw from the battle with his armor on, and in his full strength, to the victor's rest and reward.

That a similar happy exit should have been granted to Mrs. Street from the home she made so beautiful on earth, to the mansion Christ had prepared for them both above, and that she should have been allowed to perform her last earthly service in ministering to her dying husband, and then should have been summoned, after but a few hours of separation, to join him, and that their mortal remains should have been

laid away together in the bosom of the earth, is a circumstance so rare and yet so desirable and beautiful, that it would be ungrateful not to recognize in it the good hand of Him who hath said, "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself."

Our estimate of the character and worth of our departed brother would not need here to be recounted, were these records to meet the eye of those only who have been his immediate associates.

We desire to emphasize our estimate of his character first of all. He was among us uniting a manly dignity with a gentleness and grace rarely seen in this world of toiling, struggling men. His beautiful eye beamed with love and interest as he greeted us. We called him the *Apostle John*, and we are still disposed to claim the right to use that appellation. His talents as a man and his attainments as a scholar commanded our respect as his character awakened our affection. He was our leader in the study of God's word, and in the wise interpretation of his providence. We look upon him now transferring all that God gave him to be on earth to the higher realms of the immortal life. We thank God for such a life and such a death, and write here our earnest prayer, which expresses the supreme desire of all our hearts, that we may, through God's grace, be followers of those who through faith and patience have inherited the promises.

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